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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

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CONTEMPORANIA

TENZONE

Will people accept them?
(i. e. these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
(or a centurian),
Already they flee, howling in terror.
Will they be touched with the truth?
Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels,
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

THE CONDOLENCE

A mis soledades voy,
De mis soledades vengo,
Porque por andar conmigo
Mi bastan mis pensamientos.
Lope de Vega.

O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth,
A lot of asses praise you because you are " virile,"
We, you, I! We are " Red Bloods"!
Imagine it, my fellow sufferers—
Our maleness lifts us out of the ruck.
Who'd have foreseen it?

O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the trees,
We were in especial bored with male stupidity.
We went forth gathering delicate thoughts,
Our "*fantastikon*" delighted to serve us.
We were not exasperated with women,
for the female is ductile.

And now you hear what is said to us:
We are compared to that sort of person
Who wanders about announcing his sex
As if he had just discovered it.
Let us leave this matter, my songs,
and return to that which concerns us.

THE GARRET

Come let us pity those who are better off than we are.
Come, my friend, and remember
that the rich have butlers and no friends,
And we have friends and no butlers.
Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet
like a gilded Pavlova,
And I am near my desire.
Nor has life in it aught better
Than this hour of clear coolness,
the hour of waking together.

THE GARDEN

En robe de parade.
Samain.

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington Gardens,
And she is dying piece-meal
of a sort of emotional anemia.

And round about there is a rabble
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.
They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.

She would like some one to speak to her,
And is almost afraid that I
will commit that indiscretion.

ORTUS

How have I labored?
How have I not labored
To bring her soul to birth,
To give these elements a name and a centre!

She is beautiful as the sunlight, and as fluid.
She has no name, and no place.
How have I laboured to bring her soul into separation;
To give her a name and her being!

Surely you are bound and entwined,
You are mingled with the elements unborn;
I have loved a stream and a shadow.

I beseech you enter your life.
I beseech you learn to say " I "
When I question you:
For you are no part, but a whole;
No portion, but a being.

DANCE FIGURE

For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee

Dark eyed,
O woman of my dreams,

Ivory sandaled,
There is none like thee among the dancers,
None with swift feet.

I have not found thee in the tents,
In the broken darkness.
I have not found thee at the well-head
Among the women with pitchers.

Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark;
Thy face as a river with lights.

White as an almond are thy shoulders;
As new almonds stripped from the husk.

They guard thee not with eunuchs;
Not with bars of copper.
Gilt turquoise and silver are in the place of thy rest.
A brown robe, with threads of gold woven in patterns,
hast thou gathered about thee,
O Nathat-Ikanaie, "Tree-at-the-river."

As a rillet among the sedge are thy hands upon me;
Thy fingers a frosted stream.

Thy maidens are white like pebbles;
Their music about thee!

There is none like thee among the dancers;
None with swift feet.

SALUTATION

O generation of the thoroughly smug
and thoroughly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun,
I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
and heard ungainly laughter.

And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing.

SALUTATION THE SECOND

You were praised, my books,
because I had just come from the country;
I was twenty years behind the times
so you found an audience ready.

I do not disown you,
do not you disown your progeny.

Here they stand without quaint devices,
Here they are with nothing archaic about them.

Watch the reporters spit,
Watch the anger of the professors,
Watch how the pretty ladies revile them:

" Is this," they say, " the nonsense
that we expect of poets? "

" Where is the Picturesque? "
" Where is the vertigo of emotion? "

" No! his first work was the best."
" Poor Dear! he has lost his illusions."

Go, little naked and impudent songs,
Go with a light foot!
(Or with two light feet, if it please you!)
Go and dance shamelessly!
Go with an impertinent frolic!

Greet the grave and the stodgy,
Salute them with your thumbs at your noses.

Here are your bells and confetti.
Go! rejuvenate things!
Rejuvenate even " The Spectator. "
Go! and make cat calls!
Dance and make people blush,
Dance the dance of the phallus
and tell anecdotes of Cybele!
Speak of the indecorous conduct of the Gods!
(Tell it to Mr. Strachey.)

Ruffle the skirts of prudes,
speak of their knees and ankles.
But, above all, go to practical people—
go! jangle their door-bells!
Say that you do no work
and that you will live forever.

PAX SATURNI

Once . . . the round world brimmed with hate,
. . . . . and the strong
Harried the weak. Long past, long past, praise God,
In these fair, peaceful, happy days.
A Contemporary

O smooth flatterers, go over sea,
go to my country;
Tell her she is " Mighty among the nations"—
do it rhetorically!

Say there are no oppressions,
Say it is a time of peace,
Say that labor is pleasant,
Say there are no oppressions,
Speak of the American virtues:
And you will not lack your reward.

Say that the keepers of shops pay a fair wage to the women:
Say that all men are honest and desirous of good above all things:
You will not lack your reward.

Say that I am a traitor and a cynic,
Say that the art is well served by the ignorant pretenders:
You will not lack your reward.

Praise them that are praised by the many:
You will not lack your reward.

Call this a time of peace,
Speak well of amateur harlots,
Speak well of disguised procurers,
Speak well of shop-walkers,
Speak well of employers of women,
Speak well of exploiters,
Speak well of the men in control,
Speak well of popular preachers:
You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the profundity of reviewers,
Speak of the accuracy of reporters,
Speak of the unbiased press,
Speak of the square deal as if it always occurred.
Do all this and refrain from ironic touches:
You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the open-mindedness of scholars:
You will not lack your reward.

Say that you love your fellow men,
O most magnanimous liar!
You will not lack your reward.

COMMISSION

Go, my songs, to the lonely and the unsatisfied,
Go also to the nerve-wracked, go to the enslaved-by-convention,
Bear to them my contempt for their oppressors.
Go as a great wave of cool water,
Bear my contempt of oppressors.

Speak against unconscious oppression,
Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative,
Speak against bonds.

Go to the bourgeoise who is dying of her ennuis,
Go to the women in suburbs.

Go to the hideously wedded,
Go to them whose failure is concealed,
Go to the unluckily mated,
Go to the bought wife,
Go to the woman entailed.

Go to those who have delicate lust,
Go to those whose delicate desires are thwarted,

Go like a blight upon the dulness of the world;
Go with your edge against this,
Strengthen the subtle cords,
Bring confidence upon the algae and the tentacles of the soul.

Go in a friendly manner,
Go with an open speech.
Be eager to find new evils and new good,
Be against all forms of oppression.
Go to those who are thickened with middle age,
To those who have lost their interest.

Go to the adolescent who are smothered in family—
Oh how hideous it is
To see three generations of one house gathered together!
It is like an old tree with shoots,
And with some branches rotted and falling.

Go out and defy opinion,
Go against this vegetable bondage of the blood.
Speak for the free kinship of the mind and spirit.
Go, against all forms of oppression.

A PACT

I make truce with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.

I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

IN A STATION OF THE METRO

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :
Petals on a wet, black bough .

Ezra Pound

MOTHER EARTH

Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives!
From her huge mist-shrouded birth,
When reeling from under
She tore space asunder,
And feeling her way
Through the dim first day
Rose wheeling to run
In the path of the sun —
From then till forever,
Tiring not, pausing never,
She labors and laughs and gives.

Plains and mountains
She slowly makes,
With mighty hand
Sifting the sand,
Lifting the land
Out of the soft wet clutch of the shouting sea.
At lofty fountains
Her thirst she slakes,
And over the hills
Through the dancing rills
Wide rivers she fills,
That shine and sing and leap in their joy to be free.
Cool greenness she needs

And rich odor of bloom;
And longing, believing,
Slowly conceiving,
Her germ-woof weaving,
She spawns little seeds
By the wombful, the worldful,
And laughs as the pattern grows fair at her loom.

Proudly she trails
Her flower-broidered dresses
In the sight of the sun.
Loudly she hails
Through her far-streaming tresses
His coursers that run.
For her heart, ever living, grows eager for life,
Its delight and desire;
She feels the high praise of its passion and strife,
Of its rapture and fire.
There are wings and songs in her trees,
There are gleaming fish in her seas;
The brute beasts brave her
And gnaw her and crave her;
And out of the heart of these
She wrests a dream, a hope,
An arrogant plan
Of life that shall meet her,
Shall know and complete her,

That through ages shall climb and grope,
And at last be man.

Out of the bitter void she wins him —
Out of the night;
With terror and wild hope begins him,
And fierce delight.
She beats him into caves,
She starves and spurns him.
Her hills and plains are graves —
Into dust she turns him.
She teaches him war and wrath
And waste and lust and greed,
Then over his blood-red path
She scatters her fruitful seed.
With bloom of a thousand flowers,
With songs of the summer hours,
With the love of the wind for the tree,
With the dance of the sun on the sea,
She lulls and quells him —
Oh soft her caress!
And tenderly tells him
Of happiness.
Through her ages of years,
Through his toil and his tears,
At her wayward pleasure
She yields of her treasure
A gleam — yea, a hope,

Even a day of days,
When the wide heavens ope
And he loves and prays;
Then she laughs in wonder
To see him rise
Her leash from under
And brave the skies!

Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives!
A grand old time at her work sublime
As she labors and laughs and gives!

Harriet Monroe

THE GREY ROCK

Poets with whom I learned my trade,
Companions of the Cheshire Cheese,
Here's an old story I've remade,
Imagining 'twould better please
Your ears than stories now in fashion.
Though you may think I waste my breath
Pretending that there can be passion
That has more life in it than death,
Though at the bottling of your wine
The bow-legged Goban had no say;
The moral's yours because it's mine.

When cups went round at close of day —
Is not that how good stories run?—
Somewhere within some hollow hill,
If books speak truth, in Slievenamon —
But let that be — the gods were still
And sleepy having had their meal:
And smoky torches made a glare
On painted pillars, on a deal
Of old stringed instruments, hung there
By the ancient holy hands that brought them
From murmuring Murias; on cups —
Old Goban hammered them and wrought them,
And put his pattern round their tops
To hold the wine they buy of him.

But from the juice that made them wise
All those had lifted up the dim
Imaginations of their eyes;
For one that was like woman made
Before their sleepy eyelids ran,
And trembling with her passion said:
"Come out and dig for a dead man,
Who's burrowing somewhere in the ground;
And mock him to his face, and then
Hollo him on with horse and hound,
For he is the worst of all dead men."

We should be dazed and terror struck
If we but saw in dreams that room
And those fierce eyes, and curse our luck
That emptied all our days to come.
I knew a woman none could please
Because she dreamed when but a child
Of men and women made like these;
And after, when her blood ran wild,
Had ravelled her own story out,
And said, "In two or in three years
I need must marry some poor lout,"
And having said it burst in tears.
Since, tavern comrades, you have died
Maybe your images have stood,
Mere bone and muscle thrown aside,
Before that roomful or as good.

You had to face your ends when young —
'Twas wine or women or some curse —
But never made a poorer song
That you might have a heavier purse;
Nor gave loud service to a cause
That you might have a troop of friends.
You kept the Muses' sterner laws
And unrepenting faced your ends;
And therefore earned the right — and yet
Dowson and Johnson most I praise —
To troop with those the world's forgot,
And copy their proud steady gaze.

"The Danish troop was driven put
Between the dawn and dusk," she said;
"Although the event was long in doubt,
Although the King of Ireland's dead
And half his kings, before sundown
All was accomplished.

"When this day
Murrough the King of Ireland's son
Foot after foot was giving way,
He and his best troops back to back
Had perished there, but the Danes ran
Stricken with panic from the attack,
The shouting of an unseen man;
And, being thankful, Murrough found,

Led by a foot-sole dipped in blood
That had made prints upon the ground,
Where by old thorn trees that man stood;
And though when he gazed here and there
He had but gazed on thorn trees, spoke:
'Who is the friend that seems but air
And yet could give so fine a stroke?'
Thereon a young man met his eye
Who said, 'Because she held me in
Her love and would not have me die,
Rock-nurtured Aoife took a pin
And pushing it into my shirt
Promised that for a pin's sake
No man should see to do me hurt;
But there it's gone; I will not take
The fortune that had been my shame,
Seeing, King's son, what wounds you have.'
'Twas roundly spoke, but when night came
He had betrayed me to his grave,
For he and the King's son were dead.
I'd promised him two hundred years,
And when, for all I'd done or said —
And these immortal eyes shed tears —
He claimed his country's need was most.
I'd saved his life, yet for the sake
Of a new friend he has turned a ghost.
What does he care if my heart break?
I call for spade and horse and hound

That we may harry him." Thereon
She cast herself upon the ground
And rent her clothes and made her moan:
"Why are they faithless when their might
Is from the holy shades that rove
The grey rock and the windy light?
Why should the faithfulest heart most love
The bitter sweetness of false faces?
Why must the lasting love what passes?
Why are the gods by men betrayed!"
But thereon every god stood up
With a slow smile and without sound,
And, stretching forth his arm and cup
To where she moaned upon the ground,
Suddenly drenched her to the skin;
And she with Goban's wine adrip,
No more remembering what had been,
Stared at the gods with laughing lip.

I have kept my faith, though faith was tried,
To that rock-born, rock-wandering foot;
And the world's altered since you died,
And I am in no good repute
With the loud host before the sea,
That think sword strokes were better meant
Than lover's music:— let that be,
So that the wandering foot's content.

William Butler Yeats

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE NEW BEAUTY

Quoiqu'il arrive, ces premières années de notre siècle annoncent une floraison qui sera parmi les plus riches. Et il fait bon de vivre en ces heures de rude combat pour la capture de la beauté nouvelle. Fritz-R. Vanderpyl and Guy-Charles Cros in the *Mercure de France*, December 1, 1912.

Of the countless offerings of verse which have reached us during the last half-year the greater number have been pathetically ingenuous in their intellectual attitude. Numerous books and more numerous manuscripts appeal importunately for time and space, whose eager authors seem as unaware of the twentieth century as if they had spent these recent years in an Elizabethan manor-house or a vine-clad Victorian cottage. This is true even of certain ones who assert their modernism by rhyming of slums and strikes, or by moralizing in choppy odes, or in choppier prose mistaken for *vers libre*, upon some social or political problem of the day.

It is not a question of subject, nor yet of form, this new beauty which must inspire every artist worthy of the age he lives in. The poet is not a follower, but a leader; he is a poet not because he can measure words or express patly current ideas, but because the new beauty is a vision in his eyes and a passion in his heart, and because he must strain every sinew of his spirit to reveal it to the world. He can not resign his ancient

prophetic office; and the technique of its fulfilment—the style which he achieves with joyous ease or more or less painful labor, according to his temperament—necessarily can not satisfy him until it matches the beauty of the vision.

All this is so obvious as to be usually forgotten. Art in general, and poetry in particular, are regarded as a decoration of life, not as its very pulse and heart-beat, inevitable like a sunrise or a flower. Being a decoration, it becomes a side-issue, something extraneous, a matter of pleasing fancies and pretty patterns, which may be taken conveniently from the past and modified for modern uses. And so each generation imposes its opinion on the next, and the poet, who should be born and brought up to freedom, finds himself shut up in ready-made conventions and prejudices. If he is weakly inspired, his little gleam of the new beauty will be extinguished and forgotten, and he will go along imitating the masters and pottering with inessentials. And even though he is a giant in strength and an apostle in faith, whose vision of the new beauty would lead him through fire and sword, storm and shame, he must yet spend a heavy toll of his precious power in fighting the lords of things as they are, in destroying barriers and winning through to freedom.

If poetry is to have its share of that promised efflorescence which is to be "among the richest" this old world has known; if the signs do not fail, and it is indeed "good

to live in this time of rude struggle for the capture of the new beauty," then our poets would seem to be in need of courage. They should pay less attention to old forms which have been worn thin by five centuries of English song. They should return rather to first principles, feel as if poetry were new, and they the first to forge rhythmic chains for the English language.

POETRY has given space, and will doubtless give more, to voices and fashions more or less reminiscent, convinced that it is only by such trial ventures that some men can discover their true place. A talent which seems authentic should be encouraged, even if it begins in a thin soprano or a rather raucous bass. The masterpiece is always a rarity, and it blooms not in a desert but in the midst of lesser growth. We have printed sonnets, but always with the *arriere pensée* that the sonnet is an exhausted form, whose every possible shade of cadence has been worked out and repeated until there are no more surprises left in it. Modern drama is waiting to be written, is part of that new beauty to be captured, but it will hardly be caught in classic or Elizabethan garments. Poetic narrative may have a future as great as its past, but it is rather late in the day for sea-dog epics like Mr. Noyes' *Drake*, and buccaneer ballads of blood and fire. Indeed, it may be questioned whether Mr. Masefield captures the new beauty in his tales of present-day squalor and struggle told in swinging Byronic

verse; for his plots strike melodramatic attitudes and his lines have an old familiar stride.

It may be that alien hands will uncover the new treasure, that in this twentieth-century welter of nations the beauty of the English language must be rediscovered by some Russian immigrant or some traveler from Turkestan. Today it is not a poet of Anglo-Saxon race but a Hindoo with divinatory power in English, who has the keenest vision of the new beauty, and the richest modern message, not only for the millions who speak his mother-tongue but also for those far-scattered millions who carry Shakespeare's mother-tongue over the world. If the great achievement of the twentieth century is to be its making friends of East and West, it may be that the one most important episode of England's rule over India will be the teaching of her language to Rabindra Nath Tagore.

It may be premature to express an opinion founded largely upon still unpublished translations from the Bengali. But this Hindoo shows us how provincial we are; England and America are little recently annexed corners of the ancient earth, and their poets should peer out over sea-walls and race-walls and pride-walls, and learn their own littleness and the bigness of the world.

H. M.

REVIEWS

The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems, by William Ellery Leonard. B. W. Huebsch.

It is a pleasure to praise this book for the force of its sincere feeling, its emotional earnestness, its large sweep of courageous personality; yet, in doing so, one feels somehow as if one were praising Mr. Leonard rather than the work itself. For the verse forms used, and above all the hackneyed sonnet, are but shells, vehicles merely, which Mr. Leonard has made expressive in spite of themselves by this very intense quality of personal earnestness. It is for the spirit of the book that one has admiration. He does not give us the piquant pleasure of new rhythms or unexpected quantities; for which one cannot help wishing nevertheless; but he does give us new wine, even though it somewhat endangers the old bottles. One might turn against Mr. Leonard himself the closing lines of his *Anti-rococo*.

> Oh be bold, be free!
> Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
> Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!
> And stand man woman, on the slope by me!

His sonnet on *The Express*, for instance, would gain immeasurably if he had allowed its rhythmic impetus to create its own form. Mr. Leonard has something to say, and one reads his book for the sake of it. It is the man who has something to say who commands attention;

but he can only command it authoritatively by uniting what he has to say with its most direct, inherent form of expression. There was no preconceived model for the first vase. And even though Mr. Leonard's power were to undergo a certain lassitude in the transition, there is no doubt but that if he would allow himself greater freedom, his art would gain vitally in the end. At any rate, we are grateful for what he has given us as it is. And we have no fear that he suffers from that super-sensitive egoism of the minor poet—the most serious obstacle to his artistic progress.

> And who slays *me* must overcome a world:
> Heroes at arms, and virgins who became
> Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
> Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
> Peaks, headlands, ocean, and its isles of fame,
> And sun and moon and all that made me strong.

These lines form the preface of Mr. Leonard's volume:

> These rhymes record, by quite unconscious plan,
> What life from year to year may mean to man.
> Scarce one but had its rise in common-place,
> In old experience of the human race;
> And yet not one without some How or When
> No man on earth can ever feel again.
> I made the record that I might be free
> Through mastering art, lest life should master me—
> Finding in art, creating as I went,
> A world more luminous and eloquent.

It is impossible to make further quotation, and a mention of titles would only indicate personal choice;

this may be done better by the individual reader, to whom we recommend the book heartily for the qualities already mentioned.

The Roadside Fire, by Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Co.

It is one thing to give to a work of individual, first-hand conception a title which, as a symbol, connects that work with others expressing the same elemental passion; as Rodin labels his finished marbles with the names of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, or *La Voix Intérieure*, drawn as these are from individual observation or personal experience and yet expressing conceptual emotions as old as the world; but it is quite another thing to weave, about such titles or fragments of traditional situations, an embroidered pattern of reflective phrases. The one process belongs to creative art; the other to the secondary stage of illustrative comment. The first is a classic in the making; the second is a classic in the degenerative process of appreciative imitation—the pseudo-classic. To this second class, unfortunately, almost all the poems in Miss Josephine Amelia Burr's *The Roadside Fire* belong.

There is no need of explaining what explains itself. Michelangelo's *Pieta*, Rodin's *The Hand of God* are sufficiently self-expressive. Neither can one add one jot or tittle to the story of Christ of the Magdalen; and

some strenuous band of poetic Futurists ought to forbid the titular use of *Icarus* or *Lilith* for the space of one year at least. The little that Miss Burr has to say for herself is impeded by the use of trite, worn-out, meaningless phrases, or words of an abstract, generalized significance, and therefore—so far as poetry is concerned—is without value.

"The wasted years," "false hopes and falser fears," "gods of clay"—such phrases are types of a false poetic currency which neither buys nor sells. Is it any wonder that the mind insensibly locks before such mechanically filled-in metrics? Poetry, which is a refinement, a re-creation, an escaping essence liberated only by its own fine excess—this toil demands greater sacrifice and makes greater reprisals.

Miss Burr's poem, *We Have Piped Unto You*, considered apart from its reflective genetrix, would be the best in the book if it were not marred by the line, "The love of Humanity linked with the love of the One." As it is *Rudel Sings to His Lady* takes first place. This, with some real feeling back of it, and a certain amount of skill in the making, almost achieves genuine expression.

The system of printing each successive stanza with large initial capitals, like a child's primer, is a fault of the book for which Miss Burr is probably not to blame; but it is annoying.

The Wife of Potiphar with Other Poems, by Harvey Maitland Watts. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

The dramatic episode giving the book its title, and another dramatic poem of satirical turn, have a certain direct terseness of expression which is not in evidence in the rest of the poems in the book. These are wordy, wooden; the legs are of cork, and the features, if they can be discerned at all, too thickly varnished with the theatrical poetaster's paint. Mr. Watts should make a clean sweep and begin again. Apparently he has not realized that a confusion of all things upon which his eye may light, in the weaving of his fancy, will not give the reader any clarity of vision—the focus changes every moment.

> A nodding smile, at every turn,
> Hardest of hearts unlocks
> Where croziered fronds of silvery fern
> Shepherd the violet flocks;
> And mid-air dogwood drifts of snow
> Repeat the bluets' spread below.

One may choose examples at random, all equally entangled in wordy insignificance, and all equally far from that immediate spontaneity of perception, that projective reciprocity, which make poet and audience one.

In Vivid Gardens, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Sherman French & Co.

These *Songs of the Woman Spirit*, published in 1911, are feminine in the larger sense of the word, a rich con-

tralto voice singing out of the deepest experiences of life. The poet does not always get her keen message into poetic cadences; sometimes it weakens into prosaic statement. But again it becomes a clear strong chant welling out of hidden reserves of feeling and attaining rhythm as naturally as a mountain stream or a child.

Who is She that Waits?, *The Present*, *The Woman of Now*, *Fulfilment*, etc., are phases of the same subject which is most rapturously expressed in the ten quatrains of *Betrothal:*

> I have found me a man, I have held and made him,
> What first was good, I shall make complete;
> No other woman like me hath swayed him,
> Nor bowed his shoulders to kiss her feet.
>
> I have found me a man, from himself I bought him,
> Gold from the dross and better from worse;
> No other woman like me hath taught him
> The great white law of the universe.

The Star-Treader and Other Poems, by Clark Ashton Smith. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

This Californian has extreme youth in his favor, so it would be idle to complain that his subjects are chiefly astronomic. Life will bring him down to earth, no doubt, in her usual brusque manner, and will teach him something more intimate to write about than winds and stars and forsaken gods. Meantime he shows an unusual imaginative power of visualizing these remote splendors

until they have the concrete definiteness of a personal experience. These lines *To the Sun* for example:

> Thy light is an eminence unto thee,
> And thou art upheld by the pillars of thy strength.
> Thy power is a foundation for the worlds;
> They are builded thereon as upon a lofty rock
> Whereto no enemy hath access.
> Thou puttest forth thy rays, and they hold the sky
> As in the hollow of an immense hand.
> Thou erectest thy light as four walls
> And a roof with many beams and pillars.
> Thy flame is a stronghold based as a mountain;
> Its bastions are tall, and firm like stone.

In spite of the sophomoric quality in many of these poems we have here a rare spirit and the promise of poetic art.

NOTES

Of the contributors to the present number, Mr. Yeats needs no further introduction, and Mr. Pound and Miss Monroe are too closely identified with the magazine to introduce themselves. Mr. Yeats' poem is especially significant because of its rare autobiographical mood. It is seldom that this poet speaks of his attitude toward his art, or the world's attitude toward him.

The May number of POETRY will be devoted to Mr. John G. Neihardt's brief three-act tragedy, *The Death of Agrippina*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Modern Alchemist and Other Poems, by Lee Wilson Dodd. Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press, 1906.

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The Agate Lamp, by Eva Gore-Booth. Longmans, Green & Co., 1912.

Civic Songs, by David C. Nimmo.

A Hundred Years, by Anna May Woodhead.

Poems of the Dawn-Light, by Elizabeth Howland Wheeler.

An Evening Revery in the Cemetery at Woodlawn, by John Arnold Keyes.

Songs of Seven Years, by Sydney Rowe, Sherman, French & Co.

To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman

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Poetry
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THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA

I

[*The courtyard of the Imperial villa at Baiae. A moonlit night in late March. Occupying the left half of background is seen a portion of the villa. A short, broad flight of steps leads through the arched doorway to a pillared hall beyond, vague, but seeming vast in the uncertain lights that flicker in the draught. To the right of the doorway is a broad open window at the height of a man's head from the courtyard. An urn stands near window in the shadow to the right. From within harp music is heard, threading the buzzing merriment of a banquet that is being given to celebrate Nero's reconciliation with his mother. To the right of stage a glimpse of the moonlit sea is caught through trees.*]

[*Enter from left, walking toward the sea, Anicetus and the Captain of a galley.*]

Captain. [*Pointing toward sea.*] Yon lies the galley weltering in the moon.

A fair ship!—like a lady in a swoon
Of languid passion. Never fairer craft
Flung the green rustle of her skirts abaft
And wooed the dwindling leagues!
Anicetus. A boat's a boat!
And were she thrice the fairest keel afloat,
Tonight she founders, sinks—make sure of that!
Captain. And all to drown one lean imperial cat
With claws and teeth too sharp despite the purr!
Ah, scan the graceful woman lines of her!
Fit for the male Wind's love is she—alas!
Scuttled and buried in a sea of glass
By her own master! It will cost me pain.
Better a night of lightning-riven rain
With hell-hounds baying in the driven gloom!
Anicetus. The will of Nero is her wind of doom—
Woe to the seaman who defies that gale!
Go now—make ready that we may not fail
To crown the wish of Caesar with the deed.
Captain. Aye, Master!
[*Exit Captain toward sea.*]
Anicetus. And no brazen wound shall bleed
Red scandal over Rome; the nosing mob
Shall sniff no poison. Just a gulping sob
And some few bubbles breaking on the swell—
Then, good night, Agrippina, rest you well!
And may the gods revamp the silly fish
With guts of brass for coping with that dish!

[*A muffled outburst of laughter in banquet hall. Anicetus turns toward window. Uproar dies out.*]
They're drinking deep—the banquet's at its height
And all therein are kings and queens tonight.
[*Goes to urn, mounts it and peers in at window.*]
A merry crew! Quite drunk, quite drunk I fear,
My noble Romans!—Burrus' eyes are blear!
One goblet hence, good Burrus, you will howl!
E'en Seneca sits staring like an owl
And strives to pilot in some heavy sea
That wisdom-laden boat, his head. Ah me,
Creperius Gallus, you are floundering deep
In red Falernian bogs, so you shall sleep
Quite soundly while your mistress takes the dip!
Fair Acerronia thinks the place a ship
And greenly sickens in the dizzy roll!
There broods Poppaea, certain of her goal,
Her veil a sea-fog clutching at the moon,
A portent to wise sailors! Very soon
The sea shall wake in hunger and be fed!
She smiles!—the glimmer on a thunderhead
That vomits ruin!—What has made her smile?
Ah, Nero's wine is sugared well with guile!
So—kiss your mother—gently fondle her—
Pet the old she-cat till she mew and purr
Unto the tender hand that strokes her back;
So shall there be no sniffing at the sack!
Would that her eyes, like his, with wine were dim!

Gods! What a tragic actor died in him
To make a comic Caesar!
I surmise
By the too rheumy nature of your eyes,
Divine, imperial Nero, and their sunk
Lugubrious aspect—pardon!—but you're drunk,
Drunk as a lackey when the master's out!
O kingly tears that down that regal snout
Pour salty love upon a mother's breast!
So shall her timid doubts be lulled to rest!
[*Bustle within as of many rising to their feet.*]
They rise! The prologue's ended—now the play!
[*He gets down from urn and goes off toward sea.*]
Heralds. [*Crying within.*] Make way for Caesar! Ho!
Make way! Make way!
[*The musicians within strike up a martial strain. After a few moments, within the hall appear Nero and Agrippina, arm in arm, approaching the flight of steps. Nero is robed in a tunic of the color of amethyst, with a winged harp embroidered on the front. He is crowned with a laurel wreath, now askew in his disordered hair. Agrippina wears a robe of maroon without decoration. Nero endeavors to preserve the semblance of supporting his mother, but in fact is supported by her, while he caresses her with considerable extravagance. They pause half way down the steps, and the music within changes to a low melancholy air.*]
Agrippina. [*Lifting her face to the moon seaward.*]
How fair a moon to crown our happy revel!

Nero. [*Gazing blankly at the moon.*] Eh? Veil the hussy!

Agrippina. Son, son!

Nero. She's a devil!

Agrippina. [*Placing a loving arm closer about Nero.*]
Just such a night 't was, Lucius—you remember?—
When Claudius' spirit like a smouldering ember
Struggled 'twixt flame and ash—do you forget?

Nero. Ha ha—'t was snuffed—ho ho!

Agrippina. [*Stroking his hair.*] 'T was then I set
The imperial circlet here; 't was then I cloaked
My boy with world-robes!

Nero. [*Still staring at moon and pointing unsteadily.*]
Have that vixen choked!
Her staring makes me stagger—where's her veil?

Agrippina. It all comes back like an enchanted tale—
The moon set and the sun rose—

Nero. Dead and gone—
The sun set and the moon rose—

Agrippina. Nay, at dawn
The blear flame died, the new flame blossomed up.

Nero. Did someone drop a poison in my cup?
The windless sea crawls moaning—

[*They move slowly down steps, Nero clinging to his mother.*]

Agrippina. Son of mine,
Cast off the evil humors of the wine!
I am so happy and was so forlorn!

Ah, not another night since you were born
Has flung such purple through me! Son—at last
The haggard hours that parted us are past;
I've wept my tears and none are left to shed!
I live—I live—I live! And I was dead.

Nero. [*Clinging closer.*] Dead—dead—what ails the sea—'tis going red—

[*Laughter in banquet hall.*]

Who's laughing?—Mother—scourge them from the place!
Who gave the moon Poppaea's dizzy face
To fright the sea?

Agrippina. Your message gave me life!
Ah, Lucius, not for us to mar with strife
A world so made for loving!
Lucius dear,
I was too harsh, perhaps; the fault was here.
[*Placing hand on heart*].

Nero. [*Staring into his mother's eyes.*] Too harsh perhaps—

Agrippina. Yea, so we mothers err:
Too long we see our babies as they were,
And last of all the world confess them tall.
They stride so far—we shudder lest they fall—
They toddle yet.
And she who bears a son
Shall be two women ever after; one
The fountain of a seaward cooing stream,
And one the shrouded virgin of a dream

Whom no man wooes, whose heart, a muted lyre,
Pines with a wild but unconfessed desire
For him who—never understands, my son!
I'll be all fountain—kill that other one!

Nero. That other one—

Agrippina. Oh, like a wind of Spring
Wooing the sere grave of a buried thing,
Your summons came! Such happy tendrils creep
Out of me, in that old ache rooted deep,
To blossom sunward greener for the sorrow.
And, O my Emperor, if on the morrow
Your heart could soften toward that gentle one,
That frail white lily pining for the sun,
Octavia, your patient little wife,
Smile, smile upon that flower and give it life!
Make of my Lucius emperor in truth,
Not Passion's bondman!
'T is the way of youth
To drive wild stallions with too slack a rein
Toward fleeing goals no fleetness can attain!
Oh splendid speed that fails for lack of fear!
The grip of iron makes the charioteer!
The lyric fury heeds the master beat
And is the freer for its shackled feet!
You who are Law shall be more free than others
By seeming less so, Lucius.

Nero. Best of mothers,
Tomorrow—yes, tomorrow—Mother, stay!

You must not go so far, so far away!
Agrippina. Only to Bauli.

[*They have reached the extreme right of stage. The guests now begin to come out of banquet hall, scattering a rippling laughter. Nero is aroused by the merry sound, looks back, gathers himself together with a start.*]

Nero. Ah! The moon is bright!
The sea is still! We'll banquet every night,
Shall we not, Mother?
Certain cares of state
Weigh heavily—'tis awful to be great—
Nay, terrible at times! Can I be ill?
It seemed the sea moaned—yet 'tis very still!
Mother, my Mother—kiss me! Let us go
Down to the galley—so.

[*They pass out toward the sea, Nero caressing his mother. The guests now throng down the steps into the courtyard. They are in various states of intoxication. Many are dressed to represent mythological figures: Fauns and Satyrs; Bacchus crowned with grape leaves, wearing a leopard skin on his shoulders; six Bacchantes; Psyche with wings; Luna in a spangled tunic with silver horns in her hair; Mercury with winged sandals and the caduceus; Neptune in an emerald robe, crowned and bearing the trident; Iris rainbow-clad; Silenus. Some are dressed in brilliant oriental garments. There are Senators in broad bordered togas with half moons embroidered on their sandals; Pages*

dressed as Cupids and infant Bacchi; Officers of the Praetorian Guard in military uniform. Turbaned, half nude Numidian slaves, with bronze rings in their ears, come trotting in with litters, attended by torch-bearers. Some of the guests depart in the litters. The music continues in banquet hall.]

Neptune. [*Staggering against Luna.*] Who'd be a
sailor when great Neptune staggers
Dashed in the Moon's face!—Calm me, gentle Luna,
And silver me with kisses!

Luna. [*Fleeing from his outstretched arms, but regarding him invitingly over her shoulder.*] Fie, you wine-skin!
A hiccough's not a tempest! Lo, I glide,
Treading a myriad stars!

[*Neptune follows with a rolling gait.*]

A Satyr. [*Looking after them as they disappear.*]
Roll, eager Tide!
Methinks ere long the wooing moon shall fall!

[*Those near laugh.*]

First Senator. [*To Second Senator.*] Was Nero acting,
think you?

Second Senator. Not at all.
'Twas staged, no doubt, but—

First Senator. Softly, lest they hear!

Second Senator. The mimic is in mimicry sincere—
The role absorbed the actor. So he wept.

[*They pass on, talking low.*]

A Praetorian Officer. [*To Psyche leaning on his arm.*]
Was it a vision, Psyche? Have I slept?
By the pink-nippled Cyprian, I swear
Our Caesar knows a woman! Gods! That hair!
Spun from the bowels of Ophir!
Psyche. Who's so fair?
Praetorian. Poppaea!
Psyche. She?—A Circe, queen of hogs!
A cross-road Hecate, bayed at by the dogs!
A morbid Itch—
Praetorian. Sh!
Psyche. —strutting in a cloak
Of what she has not, virtue!
Praetorian. Ha! You joke!
All cloaks are ruses, fashioned to reveal
What all possess, pretending to conceal—
Who'd love a Psyche else?
[*They pass on.*]
Iris. [*To a Satyr who supports her.*] A clever wile
Her veil is! Ah, we women must beguile
The stupid male by seeming to withhold
What's dross, displayed, but, guarded well, is gold!
Faugh! Hunger sells it and the carter buys!
Satyr. Consume me with the lightning of her eyes!
She's Aphrodite!
Iris. Helen!
Satyr. Helen, then!
A peep behind that veil, and once again

The sword-flung music of the fighting men,
Voluptuous ruin and wild battle joy,
The swooning ache and rapture that was Troy!
Delirious doom!

Iris. [*Laughing.*] O Sorcery of Night!
We're all one woman in the morning light!

Satyr. [*Laughing.*] You're jealous!

Iris. No, I rend the veil in twain!

[*They mingle with the throng.*]

Silenus. [*To a Naval Officer.*] The wind veers and the moon seems on the wane!
What bodes it—reinstatement for the Queen?

Naval Officer. No seaman knows the wind and moon you mean;
Yet land were safer when those signs concur!

[*They pass on.*]

Mercury. [*To a Bacchante.*] 'T would rouse compassion in a toad, and stir
A wild boar's heart with pity!

Bacchante. [*Placing a warning hand on his mouth.*] Hush! Beware!

Mercury. Could you not feel the hidden gorgon stare,
The venom of her laughter dripping slow?

[*The musicians from within having followed the departing throng from the banquet hall, and having stationed themselves on the steps, now strike up a wild Bacchic air.*]

Bacchus. [*Swinging into the dance.*] Bacchantes, wreathe the dance!

Bacchantes. [*From various parts of the throng.*] Io, Bacche! Io!

[*Pirouetting to the music, they assemble, circling about Bacchus, joining hands and singing. When the song is finished, the circle breaks, the dancers wheel, facing outward. Bacchus endeavors to kiss a Bacchante who regards him with head thrown back. The dance music becomes more abandoned, and the Bacchante flees, pursued by Bacchus, who reels as he dances. All the other Bacchantes follow, weaving in and out between pursuer and pursued. The throng laughingly makes way for them. At length the pursued Bacchante flings off in a mad whirl toward the grove in the background, followed by Bacchus and the Bacchantes. Fauns and Satyrs now take up the dance and join in the pursuit. The throng follows eagerly, enjoying the spectacle. All disappear among the trees. Laughter in the distance, growing dimmer. The musicians withdraw into the villa and disappear, their music dying out. The lights go out in the banquet hall. The stage is now lit by the moon alone, save for the draughty lamps within the pillared hall.*

After a period of silence, re-enter Nero, walking backward from the direction of the sea toward which he gazes.]

Nero. Dimmer—dimmer—dimmer—
A shadow melting in a moony shimmer
Down the bleak seaways dwindling to that shore
Where no heaved anchor drips forevermore,
Nor winds breathe music in the homing sail:

But over sunless hill and fruitless vale,
Gaunt spectres drag the age-long discontent
And ponder what this brief, bright moment meant—
The loving—and the dreaming—and the laughter.
Ah, ships that vanish take what never after
Returning ships may carry.

Dawn shall flare,
Make bloom the terraced gardens of the air
For all the world but Lucius. He shall see
The haunted hollow of Infinity
Gray in the twilight of a heart's eclipse.
With our own wishes woven into whips
The jealous gods chastise us!—I'm alone!
About the transient brilliance of my throne
The giddy moths flit briefly in the glow;
But when at last that light shall flicker low,
A taper guttering in a gust of doom,
What hand shall grope for Nero's in the gloom,
What fond eyes shed the fellows of his tears?
She bore her heart these many troublous years
Before me, like a shield. And she is dead.
Her hand 'twas set the crown upon my head;
Her heart's blood dyed the kingly robe for me.
Dank seaweed crowns her, and the bitter sea
Enshrouds with realmless purple!

Round and round,
Swirled in the endless nightmare of the drowned,
Her fond soul gropes for something vaguely dear

That lures, eludes forever. Shapes that leer,
Distorted Neros of a tortured sleep,
Cry "*Mother, come to Baiae.*" Deep on deep
The green death folds her and she can not come.
Vague, gaping mouths that hunger and are dumb
Mumble the tired heart so ripe with woe,
Where night is but a black wind breathing low
And daylight filters like a ghostly rain!
O Mother! Mother! Mother!—

[*With arms extended, he stares seaward a moment, then covers his face, turns, and walks slowly toward entrance of villa.*]

Vain, 'tis vain!
How shall one move an ocean with regret?

[*He has reached the steps and pauses.*]

Ah, one hope lives in all this bleakness yet.
Song!—Mighty Song the hurt of life assuages!
This fateful night shall fill the vaulted ages
With starry grief, and men unborn shall sing
The mournful measure of the Ancient King!
I'll write an ode!

[*He stands for a moment, glorified with the thought.*]

Great heart of Nero, strung
Harplike, endure till this last song be sung,
Then break—then break—

[*Turns and mounts the steps.*]

Oh Fate, to be a bard!
The way is hard, the way is very hard!

[*A dim outburst of laughter from the revellers in the distance.*]

II

[*The same night. Nero's private chamber in his villa at Baiae. Nero is discovered asleep in his state robes on a couch, where he has evidently thrown himself down, overcome by the stupor incident to the feast of the night. Beside the couch is a writing stand, bearing writing materials. A few lights burn dimly. Nero groans, cries out, and, as though terrified by a nightmare, sits up, trembling and staring upon some projected vision of his sleep. He is yet only half awake.*]

Nero. Oh—oh—begone, blear thing!—She is not dead!
You are not she—my mother!—Ghastly head—
Trunkless—and oozing green gore like the sea,
Wind-stabbed! Begone! Go—do not look at me—
I will not be so tortured!—Eyes burned out
With scorious hell-spew!—Locks that grope about
To clutch and strangle!

[*He has got up from the couch and now struggles with something at his throat, still staring at the thing.*]

Off! Off!

[*In an outburst of terrified tenderness extends his arms as toward a woman.*]

Mother—come
Into these arms—speak to me—be not dumb!

Stare not so wildly—kiss me as of old!
Be flesh again—warm flesh! Oh green and cold
As the deep grave they gave you!
'Twas not I!
Mother, 'twas not my will that you should die—
'Twas hers!—I hate her! Mother, pity me!
Oh, is it you?—Sole goddess of the sea
I shall proclaim you! Pity! I shall pour
The hot blood of your foes on every shore,
A huge libation! Hers shall be the first!
I swear it! May my waking be accursed,
My sleep a-swarm with furies if I err!

[*He has advanced a short distance toward what he sees, but now shrinks back, burying his face in his robe.*]

Go!—Spare me!—Guards! Guards!

[*Three soldiers, who have been standing guard without the chamber, rush in and stand at attention.*]

Seize and shackle her!
There 'tis!—eh? [*He stares blankly, rubs his eyes.*]
It is gone!

[*Blinks at soldiers, and cries petulantly.*]

What do you here?

First Soldier. Great Caesar summoned us.

Nero. [*Glancing nervously about.*] The night is blear—
Make lights! I will not have these shadow things
Crawling about me! Poisoners of kings
Fatten on shadows! Quick there, dog-eyed scamp,
Lean offal-sniffer! Kindle every lamp!

[*Soldier tremblingly takes a lamp and lights a number of others with its flame. Stage is flooded with light.*]
By the bronze beard I swear there shall be lights
Enough hereafter, though I purge the nights
With conflagrating cities, till the crash
Of Rome's last tower beat up the smouldering ash
Of Rome's last city!
So—I breathe again!
Some cunning, faneless god who hated men
Devised this curse of darkness! What's the hour?
Second Soldier. The third watch wanes.
Nero. Too late! Too late! The power
Of Nero Caesar can not stay the sun!
The stars have marched against me—it is done!
And all Rome's legions could not rout this swarm
Of venom-footed moments!
—She was warm
One little lost eternity ago.
[*With awakening resolution.*] 'Twas not my deed! I did not wish it so!
Some demon, aping Caesar, gave the word
While Lucius Ahenobarbus' eyes were blurred
With too much beauty!
Oh, it shall be done!
Ere these unmothered eyes behold the sun,
She shall have vengeance, and that gift is mine!
[*To First Soldier.*] Rouse the Praetorians! Bid a triple line

Be flung about the palace!
[*To Second Soldier.*] Send me wine—
Strong wine to nerve a resolution!
[*To Third Soldier.*] You—
Summon Poppaea!
[*The Soldiers go out.*]
This deed I mean to do
Unties the snarl, but broken is the thread.
Would that the haughty blood these hands will shed
Might warm my mother! that the breath I crush—
So—[*clutching air*] from that throat of sorceries, might rush
Into the breast that loved and nurtured me!
The heart of Nero shivers in the sea,
And Rome is lorn of pity!
Could the world
And all her crawling spawn this night be hurled
Into one woman's form, with eyes to shed
Rivers of scalding woe, her towering head
Jeweled with realms aflare, with locks of smoke,
Huge nerves to suffer, and a neck to choke—
That woman were Poppaea! I would rear
About the timeless sea, my mother's bier,
A sky-roofed desolation groined with awe,
Where, nightly drifting in the stream of law,
The vestal stars should tend their fires, and weep
To hear upon the melancholy deep
That shipless wind, her ghost, amid the hush!

Alas! I have but one white throat to crush
With these world-hungry fingers!

[*From behind Nero, enter Page—a little boy—bearing a goblet of wine on a salver. Nero turns, startled.*]

Ah!—You!—You!

Page. I bring wine, mighty Caesar.

[*Nero passes his hand across his face, and the expression of fright leaves.*]

Nero. So you do—
I saw—the boy Britannicus!—One sees—
Things—does one not?—such eerie nights as these?

Page. [*With eager boyish earnestness.*] With woozy heads?

Nero. [*Irritably.*] The wine!

[*The Page, startled, presents the salver, from which Nero takes the goblet with unsteady hand. Page is in the act of fleeing.*]

Stay!

[*Page stops and turns tremblingly.*]

Never dare
Again to look like—anyone! Beware!

[*Page's head shakes a timid negative. Nero stares into goblet and muses.*]

Blood's red too. Ah, a woman is the grape
Ripe for the vintage, from whose flesh agape
Glad feet tonight shall stamp the hated ooze!
It boils!—See!—like some witch's pot that brews
Venomous ichor!—Nay—some angry ghost

Hurls bloody breakers on a bleeding coast!—
'Tis poisoned!—Out, Locusta's brat!
[*Hurls goblet at Page, who flees precipitately.*]
'Twas she!
The hand that flung my mother to the sea
Now pours me death!
Alas, great Hercules
Too long has plied the distaff at the knees
Of Omphale, spinning a thread of woe!
Was ever king of story driven so
By unrelenting Fate? Lo, round on round
The slow coils grip and choke—a mother drowned,
Her wrathful spirit rising from the dead—
A gentle wife outcast, discredited,
With sighs to wake the dread Eumenides!
Some thunder-hearted, vaster Sophocles,
His aeon-beating blood the stellar stream,
Has flung on me the mantle of his dream,
And Nero grapples Fate! O wondrous play!
With smoking brand aloft, the haggard Day
Gropes for the world! Pursued by subtle foes,
Superbly tragic 'mid a storm of woes,
The fury-hunted Caesar takes the cue!
One time-outstaring deed remains to do,
Then let the pit howl—Caesar sings no more!
Go ask the battered wreckage on the shore
Who sought his mother in a sudden sleep,
To be with her forever on the deep

A twin ship-hating tempest!
[*Enter Anicetus excitedly.*]
Anicetus. Lost! We're lost!
The Roman ship yaws rockward tempest-tossed
And Nero is but Lucius in the wreck!
Nero. Croak on! Each croak's a dagger in that neck,
You vulture with the hideous dripping beak,
The clutching tearing talons that now reek
With what dear sacred veins!
Anicetus. O Caesar, hear!
So keen the news I bear you, that I fear
To loose it like the arrow it must be.
I know not why such wrath you heap on me;
I know what peril deepens 'round my lord;
How, riven by the lightning of the sword,
The doom-voiced blackness labors round his head!
Nero. Say what I know, that my poor mother's dead—
So shall your life be briefer!
Anicetus. Would 't were so!
Nero. [*A light coming into his face.*] She lives?
Anicetus. Yea, lives—and lives to overthrow!
Nero. Not perished?
Anicetus. —And her living is our death!
Nero. She moves and breathes?
Anicetus. —And potent is her breath
To blow rebellion up!
Nero. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Still do I sleep?
Is this a taunting dream that I may weep

More bitterly? Or some new foul intrigue?
Anicetus. 'Tis bitter fact to her who swam a league,
And bitter fact to Nero shall it be!
At Bauli now, still dripping from the sea,
She crouches snarling!
Nero. [*In an outburst of joy.*] Oh, you shall not die,
My best-loved Anicetus! Though you lie,
Sweeter these words are than profoundest truth!
They breathe the fresh, white morning of my youth
Upon the lampless night that smothered me!
O more than human Sea
That spared my mother that her son might live!
What bounty can I give?
I—Caesar—falter beggared at this gift
Of living words that lift
My mother from the regions of the dead!
Ah—I shall set a crown upon your head,
Snip you a kingdom from Rome's flowing robe!
I'll temple you in splendors! Yea, I'll probe
Your secret heart to know what wishes pant
In wingless yearning there, that I may grant!
[*Pause, while Anicetus regards Nero with gloomy face.*]
What sight thus makes your face a pool of gloom?
Anicetus. The ghost of Nero crying from his tomb!
Nero. [*Startled.*] Eh?—Nero's ghost—mine?
Anicetus. Even so I said.
The doomed to perish are already dead
Who woo not Fate with swift unerring deeds!

That breathless moment when the tigress bleeds
Is ours to strike in, ere the tigress spring!
What could it boot your servant to be king
While any moment may the trumpets cry,
Hailing the certain hour when we shall die—
Caesar, the deaf, and his untrusted slave?
Peer deep, peer deep into this yawning grave
And tell me who shall fill it!—Wind and fire,
Harnessed with thrice the ghost of her dead sire,
Your mother is tonight! She knows, she knows
How galleys founder when no tempest blows
And moonlight slumbers on a glassy deep!
The beast our wound has wakened shall not sleep
Till it be gorged with slaughter, or be slain!
Lull not your heart, O Caesar! It is vain
To dream this cub-lorn tigress will not turn.
Lo, flaring through the dawn I see her burn,
A torch of revolution! Hear her raise
The legions with a voice of other days,
Worded with pangs to fret their ancient scars!
And every sword-wound of her father's wars
Will shriek aloud with pity!

Nero. [*During Anicetus' speech he has shown growing fear.*] Listen!—There!
You heard it?—Did you hear a trumpet blare?

Anicetus. 'Tis but the shadow of a sound to be
One rushing hour away!

Nero. [*In panic.*] Where shall I flee?—

I, the sad poet whom she made a king!
At last we flesh the ghost of what we sing—
We bards!—I sang Orestes.

[*His face softens with a gentler thought.*]

Ah—I'll go
To my poor heartsick mother. Tears shall flow,
The tears of Lucius, not imperial tears.
I'll heap on her the vast, too vast arrears
Of filial love. The Senate shall proclaim
My mother regnant with me—write her name
Beside Augustus with the demigods!
Yea, lictors shall attend her with the rods,
And massed Praetorians tramp the rabble down
Whene'er her chariot flashes through the town!
One should be kind to mothers.

Anicetus. Yea, and be
Kind to the senseless fury of the sea,
Fondle the tempest in a rotten boat!

Nero. What would you, Anicetus?

Anicetus. Cut her throat!

[*Nero gasps and shrinks from Anicetus.*]

Nero. No, no!—her ghost!—one can not stab so deep—
One can not kill these tortures spawned of sleep!
No, no—one can not kill them with a sword!

Anicetus. Faugh! One good thrust—the rest is air, my lord!

[*Enter Page timorously. Nero turns upon him.*]

Page. [*Frightened.*] Spare me, good Caesar!—Agerinus—

Nero. Go!

Bid Agerinus enter!

[*Page flees. Nero to Anicetus menacingly.*]

We shall know

What breath from what damned throat tonight shall hiss!

[*Enter Agerinus, bowing low.*]

Agerinus. My mistress sends fond greetings and a kiss
To her most noble son, and bids me say,
She rests and would not see him until day.
The royal galley, through unhappy chance,
Struck rock and foundered; but no circumstance
So meagre might deprive a son so dear
Of his beloved mother! Have no fear,
The long swim leaves her weary, but quite well.
She knows what tender love her son would tell
And yearns for dawn to bring him to her side.

Nero. [*To Anicetus.*] So! Spell your doom from that! You lied! You lied!

I'll lance that hateful fester in your throat!
Yea, we shall prove who rides the rotten boat
And supplicates the tempest!

[*With a rapid motion, Nero draws Agerinus' sword from its sheath. Anicetus shrinks back. Nero cries to Agerinus.*]

Wait to see

The loving message you bear back from me!

[*Nero, brandishing the sword, makes at Anicetus. As he*

is about to deliver the stroke, enter Poppaea from behind. She has evidently been quite leisurely about her toilet, being dressed gorgeously, and wearing her accustomed half-veil. Her manner is stately and composed. She approaches slowly. Nero stops suddenly in the act to strike Anicetus, and stares upon the beautiful apparition. Anger leaves his face, which changes as though he had seen a great light.]

Poppaea. [*Languidly.*] My Nero longed for me?

[*Nero with his free hand brushes his eyes in perplexity.*]

Nero. I—can not—tell—
What—'twas—I wished—I wished—

Poppaea. [*Haughtily.*] Ah, very well.

[*She walks slowly on across the stage. Nero stares blankly after her. The sword drops from his hand. As Poppaea disappears, he rouses suddenly as from a stupor.*]

Nero. Ho! Guards!

[*Three soldiers enter. Nero points to Agerinus.*]

There—seize that wretch who came to kill
Imperial Caesar!

[*Agerinus is seized. Nero turns to Anicetus.*]

Hasten! Do your will!

[*Nero turns, and with an eager expression on his face, goes doddering after Poppaea.*]

III

[*The same night. Agrippina's private chamber in her villa at Bauli near Baiae. There is one lamp in the room. At the center back is a broad door closed with heavy hangings.*

At the right is an open window through which the moonlight falls. Agrippina is discovered lying on a couch. One maid, Nina, is in attendance and is arranging Agrippina's hair.]

Agrippina. He was so tender—what should kindness mean?

[*The maid, seeming not to hear, continues with toilet.*]

I spoke!—you heard me speak?

Nina. I heard, my Queen.

Agrippina. And deemed my voice some ghostly summer wind
Fit for autumnal hushes? He was kind!
Was ever breath in utterance better spent?

Nina. Your slave could scarcely fancy whom you meant,
There are so many tender to the great.

Agrippina. When all the world is one sky-circled state,
Pray, who should fill it as the sun the sky?
The mother of that mighty one am I—
And he caressed me!
I shall feel no pain
Forever now. So, drenched with winter rain,
The friendless marshland knows the boyish South
And shivers into color!
On the mouth
He kissed me, as before that other came—
That Helen of the stews, that corpse aflame
With lust for life, that—
Ah, he maidened me!

What dying wind could sway so tall a tree
With such proud music? I shall be again
That darkling whirlwind down the fields of men,
That dart unloosed, barbed keenly for his sake,
That living sword for him to wield or break,
But never sheathe!
[*Lifts herself on elbow.*]
O Nina, let me be
Robed as the Queen I am in verity!
Robed as a victrix home from splendid wars,
Whom, 'mid the rumble of spoil-laden cars
Trundled by harnessed kings, the trumpets hail!
Let quiet garments be for those who fail,
Mourning a world ill-lost with meek surrenders!
I would flare bright 'mid Death's unhuman splendors,
Dazzle the moony hollows of the dead!
Ah no—[*Arising and going to window.*]
I shall not die yet. [*Parts the curtains and gazes out.*]
Nina. 'Tis the dread
Still clinging from the clutches of the sea,
That living, writhing horror! Ugh! O'er me
Almost I feel the liquid terror crawl!
Through glassy worlds of tortured sleep to fall,
Where winds blow not, nor mornings ever blush,
But green, cold, ghastly light-wraiths wander—
Agrippina. [*Turning from window with nervous anger.*]
Hush!
[*Turns again to window; after pause, continues musingly.*]

She battles in a surf of spectral fire.
No—like some queen upon a funeral pyre,
Gasping, she withers in a fever swoon.
Had she a son too?

Nina. [*Approaching the window.*]
Who, O Queen?

Agrippina. The moon!
See, she is strangled in a noose of pearl!
What telltale scars she has!
—Look yonder, girl—
Your eyes are younger—by the winding sea
Where Baiae glooms and blanches; it may be
Old eyes betray not, but some horsemen take
The white road winding hither by the lake.

Nina. The way lies plain—I see no moving thing.

Agrippina. Why thus is Agerinus loitering?
For he was ever true. [*Joyously.*] Ah foolish head!
My heart knows how my son shall come instead,
My little Lucius! Even now he leaps
Into the saddle and the dull way creeps
Beneath the spurred impatience of his horse,
He longs so for me!
[*Pause—She scans the moonlit country.*]
Shrouded like a corse,
Hoarding a mother's secret, lies the sea;
And Capri, like a gaint Niobe,
Outgazes Fate!
O sweet, too gentle lies

And kisses sword-like! Would the sun might rise
No more on Baiae! Would that earth might burst
Spewing blear doom upon this world accursed
With truth too big for hiding!
See! He sleeps
Beside her, and the shame-dimmed lamp-light creeps
Across her wine-stained mouth—so red—so red—
Like mother blood!—See! hissing round her head
Foul hate-fanged vipers that he calls her hair!
Ah no—beyond all speaking is she fair!
Sweet as a sword-wound in a gasping foe
Her mouth is; and too well, too well I know
Her face is dazzling as a funeral flame
Battened on queen's flesh!

[*Turning angrily from window.*]

Oh the blatant shame!
The bungling drunkard's plot!—Tonight, tonight
I shall swoop down upon them by the light
Of naked steel! Faugh! Had it come to that?
Had Rome no sword, that like a drowning rat
The mother of a king should meet her end?
What Gallic legion would not call me friend?
Did they not love Germanicus, my sire?
Oh, I will rouse the cohorts, scattering fire
Till all Rome blaze rebellion!

[*She has advanced to a place beside the couch, stands in a defiant attitude for a moment, then covers her face with her hands and sinks to the couch.*]

No, no, no—
It could not be, I would not have it so!
Not mine to burn the tower my hands have built!
And somewhere 'mid the shadows of his guilt
My son is good.
[*Lifts herself on elbow.*]
Look, Nina, toward the roofs
Of sleeping Baiae. Say that eager hoofs
Beat a white dust-cloud moonward.
[*Nina goes to window and peers out.*]
Nina. Landward crawls
A sea fog; Capri's league-long shadow sprawls
Lengthening toward us—soon the moon will set.
Agrippina. No horsemen?
Nina. None, my Queen.
Agrippina. —And yet—and yet—
He called me baby names. Ah, ghosts that wept
Big tears down smiling faces, twined and crept
About my heart, and still I feel their tears.
They make me joyous.—After all these years,
The little boy my heart so often dirged
Shivered the man-husk, beardless, and emerged!
He kissed my breasts and hung upon my going!
Once more I felt the happy nurture flowing,
The silvery, tingling shivers of delight!
What though my end had come indeed tonight—
I was a mother!
—Have you children?

Nina. No,
My Queen.
Agrippina. Yet you are winsome.
Nina. Lovers go
Like wind, as lovers come; I am unwed.
Agrippina. How lonely shall you be among the dead
Where hearts remember, but are lorn of hope!
Poor girl! No dream of tiny hands that grope,
And coaxing, hunting little mouths shall throw
Brief glories 'round you!
Nina, I would go
Like any brazen bawd along the street,
Hailing the first stout carter I should meet,
Ere I would perish childless! Though we nurse
The cooing thing that some day hurls the curse,
Forge from our hearts the matricidal sword,
The act of loving is its own reward.
We mothers need no pity!
'Twill be said,
When this brief war is done, and I am dead,
That I was wanton, shameless—be it so!
Unto the swarm of insect scribes I throw
The puffed-up purple carcass of my name
For them to feast on! Pointed keen with shame,
How shall each busy little stylus bite
A thing that feels not! I have fought my fight!
That mine were but the weapons of the foe,
Too well the ragged scars I bear can show.

Oh, I have triumphed, and am ripe to die!
About my going shall the trumpets cry
Forever and forever!
I can thread
The twilit under-regions of the dead
A radiant shadow with a heart that sings!
Before the myriad mothers of great kings
I shall lift up each livid spirit hand
Spotted with blood—and they shall understand
How small the price was!

Nina. Hark!

[*The tramp of soldiery and the clatter of arms are heard from without. Nina, panic-stricken, runs to window, peers out, shrinks back, and, turning, flees by a side door.*]

Agrippina. Why do you flee?
Did I not say my son would come to me?
'Tis Nero—Nero Caesar, Lord of Rome!
My little boy grown tall is coming home!

[*She goes to window, peers out, shrinks back, then turns toward the door and sees three armed men standing there—Anicetus, the Captain of a Galley and a Centurion of the Navy. The men stare at her without moving.*]

Why come you here?

[*Silence.*]

To know my health?—Go tell
My son, your master, I am very well—
And happy—

[*The men make no reply. Agrippina straightens her body haughtily.*[

—If like cowards in the night
You come to stab a woman—

Anicetus. [*Drawing his sword and speaking to Captain.*]
Snuff the light!

[*The men spring forward with drawn swords. Agrippina does not move. The light is stricken out.*]

John G. Neihardt.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TRADITION

OUR April number has aroused certain critics to the defence of what they call "the grand old English tradition." Their meaning would seem to be tradition of external form rather than the larger tradition of spiritual motive, a mere binding tradition of detail for which we confess little reverence. Such tradition is not for the strong, but for the weak. It is invoked by those who need protection, not by those who can stand alone. The men who made this grand old English tradition little knew what they were doing. To them there was nothing sacro-sanct in their adventurous experiments; they never dreamed of discouraging the adventurous experiments of others.

Tradition, however grand and old, ceases to be of use the moment its walls are strong enough to break a butterfly's wing, or keep a fairy immured. The freedom of the human spirit is more important to the future of the race than the Greek temples and Gothic cathedrals of the past. Art is not a Mosaic dispensation from Mount Sinai, but a creation of men's minds. The more direct and spontaneous this creation, the better. The more the artist can sweep away all barriers between his soul and the truth, between himself and his particular inspiring god, the nearer will he come to complete and

supreme expression. Inevitably he inherits his materials and instruments; he can not invent words, colors, sounds, the pen he writes with, the paints he uses, the violin he plays upon. If he must inherit also forms and rules—better the free foot in the wilderness, better the upward flight of danger in a monoplane!

* * *

However, the strong also may march in the ancient highway, may hearken for a time to the grand old voices. It is in no desire to appease our critics, but to open a free road to one of our strongest poets, that we present this month Mr. Neihardt's essay in poetic tragedy on the old Roman theme. There may be value in contrast; between April and May the issue is sharply drawn. Perhaps both schools have their modern uses, and the laurel will go to the stronger, whatever his costume and his weapon!

IN DANGER

How may a man be a popular poet and yet save his soul and his art?—this is a question which only the select few of any group or period are called upon to answer. Some popular poets, of course, have no souls to save—none, at least, which emerge above the milk-and-water current of their verse—the Tuppers and Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes of their generation. Others have no trouble with their souls; they just sing naturally about common

sights and sounds, the things all men know or feel or think they know and feel—like Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, Bret Harte in his brief lyric moods, or, now and then, Joaquin Miller, that high-hearted old democrat who now sleeps in his Sierras.

No poet of these two so different kinds need ask himself the question. Popularity is wine to these. It makes the former more garrulous, the latter more genial; it is only mildly and amiably intoxicating. But there is another class of poets with whom popularity is poison, an insidious, habit-producing drug which dulls their minds and undermines their morals; which, once they yield to its control, they must get and feed on at any cost. With these even a little of the intoxicant goes to their heads and heels, makes them totter and fall back and repeat themselves.

I remember the cry of delight which greeted *Paolo and Francesca* a dozen years ago. A delicate literary exercise was acclaimed as a great tragedy by the thousand-and-one journalists and woman's-club orators who love a twice-told tale. And so, under the insidious stimulus of their prompt applause, Mr. Stephen Phillips read up other ancient stories, and put them into academic dramas of which each, inevitably, was a little weaker and staler than the last.

Today, with the same impetuosity, *Nan* is acclaimed as a great tragedy, and Mr. Masefield is in the same danger. In this case as in the other, the poet's weakest

point, derivative plot, becomes his strongest with the crowd, although Mr. Phillips took his plots from old legend, while Mr. Masefield takes his from current popular convention. Derived plot tempts almost inevitably to derived style, and any suggestion of an old familiar tune helps with the crowd.

POETRY has opened its hospitable door to Mr. Masefield's admirers and detractors, presenting in each case the extreme opinion. Meantime, to the more moderate view, this poet seems to be in danger, and *The Daffodil Fields* is the danger sign. Here his taste for popular melodrama decoys him into a plot so absurd that it utterly destroys the poem. And his allegiance to it leaves him in no mood for such stirring organ music as that long description of the ten-days' storm at sea which is the best of *Dauber*.

In *The Daffodil Fields* this poet, like Mr. Phillips in his later plays, is merely indulging his weaknesses.

H. M.

POETIC PROSE AND VERS LIBRE

The essential difference between prose and poetry is in the quality of the rhythmic phrase. The metric paraphrase of one of Oscar Wilde's prose poems, recently published in a Chicago paper, gave merely a typographical semblance of poetry. Any attempt to turn the following poem into prose by omitting the line divisions would prove unsuccessful.

THE POET

Out of the deep and the dark,
A sparkling mystery, a shape,
Something perfect,
Comes like the stir of the day:
One whose breath is an odour,
Whose eyes show the road to stars,
The breeze in his face,
The glory of Heaven on his back.
He steps like a vision hung in air,
Diffusing the passion of Eternity;
His abode is the sunlight of morn,
The music of eve his speech:
In his sight,
One shall turn from the dust of the grave,
And move upward to the woodland.

Yone Noguchi

Prose rhythms differ from poetic rhythms according to the inherent, scientific divisions of the rhythmic wave lengths. Those of poetry rise to a more concentrative stress, regularly or irregularly recurrent, and by the law of balance, make strenuous demand on the poetic interval, the pause. The rhythm of prose has less range of rise and fall. Its periodic waves cling rather closely to the horizontal level, though permitting within this range a great amount of subtle variation. It is interesting, in this connection, to call attention to the extremely limited scope of conventional English prosody. A comparison of iambic pentameter lines taken from Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Swinburne, and William Butler Yeats would reveal how inadequate is the old system of digital mensuration.

Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the first to call attention to the rhythmic phrase division of poetry. Taking a line from Shakespeare he found that, apart from the five minor stressed syllables of the line, there were three major crests marking the poetic phrase, and that these were the more important of the two, since around these the minor crests were grouped in sequence. The musical analogy to the octave is suggestive, and far less sterile than the old system of prosody, which is more often proved false than true.

A. C. H.

REVIEWS

A Boy's Will, by Robert Frost, David Nutt, London

> I had withdrawn in forest, and my song
> Was swallowed up in leaves.

There is another personality in the realm of verse another American, found, as usual, on this side of the water, by an English publisher long known as a lover of good letters. David Nutt publishes at his own expense *A Boy's Will*, by Robert Frost, the latter having been long scorned by the "great American editors." It is the old story.

Mr. Frost's book is a little raw, and has in it a number of infelicities; underneath them it has the tang of the New Hampshire woods, and it has just this utter sincerity. It is not post-Miltonic or post-Swinburnian or post-Kiplonian. This man has the good sense to speak naturally and to paint the thing, the thing as he sees

it. And to do this is a very different matter from gunning about for the circumplectious polysyllable.

It is almost on this account that it is a difficult book to quote from.

> She's glad her simple worsted gray
> Is silver now with clinging mist—

does not catch your attention. The lady is praising the autumn rain, and he ends the poem, letting her talk.

> Not yesterday I learned to know
> The love of bare November days,
> Before the coming of the snow;
> But it were vain to tell her so,
> And they are better for her praise.

Or again:

> There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
> And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

I remember that I was once canoeing and thirsty and I put in to a shanty for water and found a man there who had no water and gave me cold coffee instead. And he didn't understand it, he was from a minor city and he "just set there watchin' the river" and didn't "seem to want to go back," and he didn't much care for anything else. And so I presume he entered into Anunda. And I remember Joseph Campbell telling me of meeting a man on a desolate waste of bogs, and he said to him, "It's rather dull here;" and the man said, "Faith, ye can sit on a middan and dream stars."

And that is the essence of folk poetry with distinction between America and Ireland. And Frost's book reminded me of these things.

There is perhaps as much of Frost's personal tone in the following little catch, which is short enough to quote, as in anything else. It is to his wife, written when his grandfather and his uncle had disinherited him of a comfortable fortune and left him in poverty because he was a useless poet instead of a money-getter.

IN NEGLECT

They leave us so to the way we took,
  As two in whom they were proved mistaken,
That we sit sometimes in a wayside nook,
With mischievous, vagrant, seraphic look,
  And *try* if we cannot feel forsaken.

There are graver things, but they suffer too much by making excerpts. One reads the book for the "tone," which is homely, by intent, and pleasing, never doubting that it comes direct from his own life, and that no two lives are the same.

He has now and then such a swift and bold expression as

The whimper of hawks beside the sun.

He has now and then a beautiful simile, well used, but he is for the most part as simple as the lines I have quoted in opening or as in the poem of mowing. He is without sham and without affectation.

Helen Redeemed and other Poems, by Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.

Maurice Hewlett stands among the first dozen of living poets in England, but this fact is constantly being obscured by his popular reputation for prose and by

his lack of self-intolerance, albeit he keeps his stuff by him often for more than the seven years prescribed.

His chief interest from the technical point of view lies in his skillful use of harsh rime to check the verse suddenly and to keep it in swift motion, a system of barring which is efficient in a manner similar to the Anglo-Saxon alliterative devices.

Somewhat over a year ago *The Agonists* proved that he could write, if not the only, at least the most readable "Greek Plays" in English.

The present collection of his verse, *Helen Redeemed and other Poems* (The Macmillan Co.), contains the title poem, one hundred and twenty pages long, in the regulation pentametric couplets, with the usual inversions, sometimes for the rime's sake, the long similes, etc., *cui amet.*

The three tales following are good tales well told, *Oreithyia*, *Clytie*, and the *Lai of Gaubertz;* so also the *Gnatho*. We do not hesitate to praise them, and if there is any stricture to be made it is so minute as to fall under the head of carping. Maurice Hewlett at his best has seen the elder gods and known their progeny. Such ventures will out. No hiding! Not even under the mask of the "man of letters," *le grand seigneur*, or, at worst, "the academician."

The *Oreithyia* is perhaps, as a whole, the best of the idyls; the *Gaubertz* shows best the knack of riming; the *Gnatho* has, I should say, the finest single lines.

There is also a genuine octave to the sonnet on page 208, that ends,

> I dare not love, fearing my poisonous thought.

It is significant or rather it is odd, or oddly natural, that Mr. Hewlett should regard Sturge Moore as the best poet now in England. For while no one can deny that Sturge Moore knows the feel of things; knows the feel of the grass growing and of the running hare, and while no sane man would withhold praise from parts of his work, as in "The Amazons," still his results are not infrequently more like colours mixed on a palette than like a picture displayed.

Ezra Pound

The Daffodil Fields, by John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

In *The Daffodil Fields* (Macmillan) we have another of Mr. John Masefield's rhymed histories of sophisticated rustics. It is difficult to indicate to an admiring public the sources of discontent aroused by the cheapening of Mr. Masefield's talent, because in this cheapening Mr. Masefield has so obviously hit upon that one touch of nature which makes for popularity.

That Mr. Masefield uses melodramatic themes is not in itself a sufficient implication of inferiority. The Greeks used themes which, strictly considered, come under this heading; but the term has arisen, since the time of the Greeks, to denote a certain sensational or sentimental rendering of a theme obviously harrowing and playing

upon the most vibrantly commonplace of human emotions. It is in this sense that Mr. Masefield is a melodramatic author of the first water, and by this melodramatic virtue alone has he won popularity. No, not quite alone by this. His poetic virtuosity enables many people to confuse issues and to believe with simple-hearted naiveté that the source of their enjoyment is their great love of the humanities and of art.

Given a melodramatic theme and melodramatic treatment, it matters little whether the actors be of flesh and blood, or mere puppets worked by wires; they will win the same amount of applause from the sentimental sympathies of the audience.

And in truth, whether in acted drama, as in *The Tragedy of Nan*, or in poetic narrative, as in *The Daffodil Fields*, Mr. Masefield's characters are all puppets. They do not move, have no life of their own; the action is static, and this, not because of the vast amount of geographical revery filling up the gaps, but simply because, in all moments of passion, the poet endows his characters with the contemplative wisdom of a Greek chorus. Not that the wisdom is their own; nor that the comparison exists except by implication of design. But if the characters were as platitudinously contemplative as the words which their creator puts into their mouths, there would be no action whatever; there would be no passion, no bloodshed, no tragedy. Of course, the contemplative commentary is Mr. Masefield's own—as

when, masquerading in the petticoats of *Nan*, in one of the prevailing high tides of that play, he declares,

> There be three times when no woman can speak.....when 'er 'ears 'er lover, and when 'er gives 'erself, and when 'er little one is born.

Not only must Mr. Masefield's scenes of action be classed with still life; his landscapes are equally lacking in spontaneity. They are patched and descriptive, like a badly painted picture. His rhythm is monotonously commonplace, and in passing, one may note the poverty of a rhyming vocabulary which makes use of *dear*, *my dear*, or *my beloved dear* as line-ends with irritating insistency.

As to the story, it has elements of Enoch Arden, although less pacific, and it culminates with the novel touch of a Shropshire Ophelia, dabbling in the mingled blood of her daffodil-lapped lovers. *A. C. H.*

NOTES

Mr. John G. Neihardt is one of the younger American poets, having been born in Illinois in 1881. He has passed most of his life in the west, devoting five or six years to the study of the Omaha Indians. At present he lives in Minneapolis, where he is literary editor of the *Journal*. His publications are: *The Divine Enchantment*, 1900; *The Lonesome Trail*, '07; *A Bundle of Myrrh*, '08; *Man-Song*, '09; *The River and I*, '10; *The Dawn-builder and Gold*, '11; *The Stranger at the Gate*, '12.

The June number of POETRY will begin with a group of poems from the Bengali by Rabindranath Tagore, whose *Gitanjali*, introduced in this country last December by six lyrics in POETRY, has just been published by Macmillan.

Early numbers will contain a group of paraphrases from the Chinese, by Allen Upward, and poems by Grace Fallow Norton, Sara Teasdale, Frances Gregg, Margaret Widdemer, Arthur Stringer, John Hall Wheelock, Frederic Manning, F. S. Flint, Ernest Rhys, William Carlos Williams, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, Joseph Campbell, William Ellery Leonard, and others.

POETRY will be pleased to pay 25 cents a copy for a limited number of the October, 1912, issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The English Lyric, by Felix E. Schelling. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Sangar, by John Reed. Privately Printed.

The Day in Bohemia, by John Reed. Privately Printed.

The Kingdom of All-Souls, by George Edward Woodberry. Published for the Woodberry Society.

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A Magazine of Verse

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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

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POEMS

I

OVER the green and yellow rice fields sweep the shadows of the autumn clouds, followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey; drunken with the light they foolishly hum and hover; and the ducks in the sandy riverbank clamour in joy for mere nothing.

None shall go back home, brothers, this morning, none shall go to work.

We will take the blue sky by storm and plunder the space as we run.

Laughters fly floating in the air like foams in the flood.

Brothers, we shall squander our morning in futile songs.

II

Keep me fully glad with nothing. Only take my hand in your hand.

In the gloom of the deepening night take up my heart and play with it as you list. Bind me close to you with nothing.

I will spread myself out at your feet and lie still. Under this clouded sky I will meet silence with silence. I will become one with the night clasping the earth in my breast.

Make my life glad with nothing.

The rains sweep the sky from end to end. Jasmines in the wet untamable wind revel in their own perfume. The cloud-hidden stars thrill in secret. Let me fill to the full my heart with nothing but my own depth of joy.

III

My soul is alight with your infinitude of stars. Your world has broken upon me like a flood. The flowers of your garden blossom in my body. The joy of life that is everywhere burns like an incense in my heart. And the breath of all things plays on my life as on a pipe of reeds.

IV

O you mad, you superbly drunk!
If you kick open your doors and play the fool in public;
If you empty your bag in a night, and snap your fingers
at prudence;
If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things;
Reck not rhyme or reason;

If you break the rudder in two unfurling your sails before the storm:
Then I will follow you, comrade, and be drunken and go to the dogs.

I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbors.
Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim.
For years I have gathered and heaped all scraps and fragments of things;
Crush them and dance upon them, and scatter them all to the winds!
For I know 'tis the height of wisdom to be drunken and go to the dogs.

Let all crooked scruples vanish, let me hopelessly lose my way.
Let a gust of wild giddiness come and sweep me away from my anchors.
The world is peopled with worthies, and workers useful and clever;
There are men who are easily the first, and men who come decently next:
Let them be happy and prosperous, and let me be foolishly futile.
For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

I swear to surrender this moment all claim to the ranks of the sensible.
I let go my pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong.
I'll shatter the vessel of memory, scattering the last drop of tears;
With the foam of the ruby red wine, I'll bathe and brighten my laughter.
The badge of the proper and prim I'll tear into shreds for the nonce.
I'll take the holy vow of being worthless, and be drunken and go to the dogs.

V

Leave off your works, bride. Listen, the guest has come.
Do you hear, he is gently shaking the fastening chain of the door?
Let not your anklets be loud, and your steps be too hurried to meet him.
Leave off your works, bride, the guest has come, in the evening.

No, it is not the wind, bride. Do not be frightened.
It is the full-moon night of April, shadows are pale in the court-yard, the sky overhead is bright.
Draw your veil over your face if you must, take the lamp from your room if you fear.
No, it is not the wind, bride; do not be frightened.

Have no word with him if you are shy, stand aside by the door when you meet him.
If he asks you questions, lower your eyes in silence, if you wish.
Do not let your bracelets jingle, when, lamp in hand, you lead him in.
Have no word with him if you are shy.

Have you not finished your works yet, bride? Listen, the guest has come.
Have you not lit the lamp in the cowshed?
Have you not got ready the offering basket for the evening service?
Have you not put the auspicious red mark at the parting of your hair, and done your toilet for the night?
O bride, do you hear, the guest has come?
Have you not finished your works yet?

VI

Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.
If your braiding has come loose, if the parting of your hair be not straight, if the ribbons of your bodice be not fastened, do not mind.
Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.

Come with quick steps over the grass.
If your feet are pale with the dew, if your anklets slacken, if pearls drop out of your chain, do not mind.
Come with quick steps over the grass.

Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?
Flocks of cranes fly up from the further riverbank and fitful gusts of wind rush over the heath.
The anxious cattle run to their stalls in the village.
Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?

In vain you light your toilet lamp; it flickers and goes out in the wind.
Surely, who would know that with lamp-black your eyelids are not touched? For your eyes are darker than rain clouds.
In vain you light your toilet lamp; it goes out.

Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.
If the wreath is not woven, who cares? If the wrist-chain has not been tied, leave it by.
The sky is overcast with clouds; it is late.
Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.

VII

Sing the song of the moment in careless carols, in the transient light of the day;
Sing of the fleeting smiles that vanish and never look back;
Sing of the flowers that bloom and fade without regret.
Weave not in memory's thread the days that would glide into nights.
To the guests that must go bid God-speed, and wipe away all traces of their steps.
Let the moments end in moments with their cargo of fugitive songs.

With both hands snap the fetters you made with your own heart chords;
Take to your breast with a smile what is easy and simple and near.
Today is the festival of phantoms that know not when they die.
Let your laughter flush in meaningless mirth like twinkles of light on the ripples;
Let your life lightly dance on the verge of Time like a dew on the tip of a leaf.
Strike in the chords of your harp the fitful murmurs of moments.

VIII

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me.
You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears.
I know, I know your art;
You never say the word you would.

Lest I should prize you not, you elude me in a thousand ways.
Lest I should mix you with the crowd, you stand aside.
I know, I know your art;
You never walk the path you would.

Your claim is more than others; that is why you are silent.
With a playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.
I know, I know your art;
You never accept what you would.

IX

Amidst the rush and roar of life, O beauty, carved in stone,
you stand mute and still, alone and aloof.
Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and repeats to you:
"Speak, speak to me, my love; speak, my mute bride!"
But your speech is shut up in stone, O you immovably fair!

X

Tell me if this is all true, my lover?
tell me if it is true.
When the eyes of me flash their lightning on you,
dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer;
Is it then true
that the dew drops fall from the night when I am seen,
and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body?

Is it true, is it true, that your love
travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me?
that when you found me at last, your age-long desire
found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair?

Is it then true
that the mystery of the Infinite is written on this little brow of mine?
Tell me, my lover, if all this is true!

XI

I asked of Destiny, "Tell me who with relentless hand pushes me on?"
Destiny told me to look behind.
I turned and saw my own self behind pushing forward the self in front.

XII

With a glance of your eyes you could plunder all the wealth of songs struck from poets' harps, fair woman!
But for their praises you have no ear; therefore do I come to praise you.
You could humble at your feet the proudest heads of all the world;
But it is your loved ones, unknown to fame, whom you choose to worship; therefore I worship you.
Your perfect arms would add glory to kingly splendor with their touch;
But you use them to sweep away the dust, and to make clean your humble home; therefore I am filled with awe.

XIII

We both live in the same village and that is our one piece of joy.
The yellow bird sings in their tree and makes my heart dance with gladness.
Her pair of pet lambs come to graze near the shade of our garden.
If they stray into our barley field I take them up in my arms.

The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

Only one field lies between us.
Bees that have hived in our grove go to seek honey in theirs.
Flowers launched from their landing stairs come floating by the stream where we bathe.
Baskets of dried kusm flowers come from their fields to our market.
The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

The lane that winds to their house is fragrant in the spring with mango flowers.
When their linseed is ripe for harvest, the hemp is in bloom in our field.
The stars that smile on their cottage send us the same twinkling look.
The rain that floods their tank makes glad our Kadam forest.
The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

XIV

I found a few old letters of mine carefully hidden in thy box—a few small toys for thy memory to play with. With a timorous heart thou didst try to steal these trifles from the turbulent stream of time which washes away planets and stars, and didst say, "These are only mine!" Alas, there is no one now who can claim them—who is able to pay their price; yet they are still here. Is there no love in this world to rescue thee from utter loss, even like this love of thine that saved these letters with such fond care?

O woman, thou camest for a moment to my side and touched me with the great mystery of the woman that there is in the heart of creation—she who ever gives back to God his own outflow of sweetness; who is the eternal love and beauty and youth; who dances in bubbling streams and sings in the morning light; who with heaving waves suckles the thirsty earth and whose mercy melts in rain; in whom the eternal one breaks in two in joy that can contain itself no more and overflows in the pain of love.

Rabindra Nath Tagore

TO MY FRIEND

When from the blossoms of the noiseful day,
Unto the hive of sleep and hushèd gloom,
Throng the dim-wingèd dreams, what dreams are they
That with the wildest honey hover home?
O they that have, from many thousand thoughts,
Stolen the strange sweet of ever blossomy you—
A thousand fancies in fair-coloured knots
Which you are inexhausted meadow to.

Ah, what sharp heathery honey, quick with pain,
Do they bring home! It holds the night awake
To hear their lovely murmur in my brain,
And sleep's wings have a trouble for your sake.
Day and you dawn together; for, at end,
With the first light breaks the first thought—my Friend.

Francis Thompson

PEACE ON EARTH

The Archer is wake!
The Swan is flying!
Gold against blue
An Arrow is lying.
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Bears are abroad!
The Eagle is screaming!
Gold against blue
Their eyes are gleaming!
Sleep!
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Sisters lie
With their arms intertwining;
Gold against blue
Their hair is shining!
The Serpent writhes!
Orion is listening!
Gold against blue
His sword is glistening!
Sleep!
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

SICILIAN EMIGRANT'S SONG:
In New York Harbor

O—eh—lee! La—la!
  Donna! Donna!
Blue is the sky of Palermo;
Blue is the little bay;
And dost thou remember the orange and fig,
The lively sun and the sea breeze at evening?
  Hey—la!
Donna! Donna! Maria!

O—eh—li! La—la!
  Donna! Donna!
Grey is the sky of this land.
Grey and green is the water.
I see no trees, dost thou? The wind
Is cold for the big woman there with the candle.
  Hey—la!
Donna! Donna! Maria!

O—eh—li! O—la!
  Donna! Donna!
I sang thee by the blue waters;
I sing thee here in the grey dawning.
Kiss, for I put down my guitar;
I'll sing thee more songs after the landing.
  O Jesu, I love thee!
Donna! Donna! Maria!

POSTLUDE

Now that I have cooled to you
Let there be gold of tarnished masonry,
Temples soothed by the sun to ruin
That sleep utterly.
Give me hand for the dances,
Ripples at Philae, in and out,
And lips, my Lesbian,
Wall flowers that once were flame.

Your hair is my Carthage
And my arms the bow,
And our words arrows
To shoot the stars
Who from that misty sea
Swarm to destroy us.

But you there beside me—
Oh how shall I defy you,
Who wound me in the night
With breasts shining
Like Venus and like Mars?
The night that is shouting Jason
When the loud eaves rattle
As with waves above me
Blue at the prow of my desire.

PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

For there is one thing braver than all flowers;
  Richer than clear gems; wider than the sky;
Immortal and unchangeable; whose powers
  Transcend reason, love and sanity!

And thou, beloved, art that godly thing!
  Marvelous and terrible! in glance
An injured Juno roused against Heaven's King!
  And thy name, lovely One, is Ignorance.

William Carlos Williams

CONTRAST

Vesuvius

A crown of smoke, a crumbling cone of dust,
And at her feet a curve of azure sea:
So stands Vesuvius angry and august,
Last of her fiery race in Italy.

Pontifex Maximus

A palace, and a garden, and a dome,
All that remain of Empire far and free;
An old man exiled in an alien Rome
Wearing a crown of smoke in Italy.

Harrison S. Morris

THE WIFE

I am young, O shaggy mountains; I am young and you
are old;
You are mighty, brooding pines, and I am small;
And your great, gaunt shadows crush me with a horror
still and cold,
And your sullen silence holds me like a pall.

Just today I went for water to a little silver spring
Where the air was sweet and scarlet berries grew;
And my dreams came flocking homeward and my haunt-
ing fears took wing
Till the night crawled forth to meet me. Then I
knew.

I am stranger to your silence; I am alien to your might;
I am longing for a little, laughing world
Where the days went dancing past me, for my heart was
very light,—
And from many friendly hearths the smoke upcurled.

Yet he loves you, lonely mountains, and he says he loves
me too,
And his cabin nestles trusting at your feet;
But my heart is torn with longing for the gentle land I
knew—
And the careless hours when life was very sweet.

Will you always frown upon me through the weary,
weary years
Till my dream-home fades to silence and to night?
I was gay, O brooding mountains, till you taught me pain
and tears.
I am alien to your solitude and might.

Helen Cowles Le Cron

BIRD OF PASSION

Leave the lovely words unsaid;
For another thought is fled
From my dream-entangled mind.
Bird of passion, unenshrined,
I can never phrase thee quite—
So I speed thee on thy flight,
Unembodied thus forever,
Floating in a mist that never
May be raiséd. Thou art one
Of the black-winged birds that run,
With uncomprehended flight,
Unimpeded down the night.

Rollo Britten

SIMAETHA

Thou art wine, Simaetha! When mine eyes drink thee
My blood flames, with the golden joy thou art
Bewildering me, until thy loveliness
Is veiled in its own light; nor know I then
Pure brows, and placid lips and eyes, and hair
With wind and sunlight glorious: but all
Are mingled in one flame. Oh thou in me
Art shrined, as none hath seen thee, as gods live
Whom Time shall not consume; nor rusts thy gold
Ever, so hath my soul enclosed thee round
With its divine air. Yea, thy very life,
Which flows through all the guises of thy moods,
Escaping as they die, and laughs and weeps
And builds again its beauty, have I set
Beyond the jeopards of rough time: yea, all
Thine ivory, imperilled loveliness,
And winey sanguine, where the cheek's curve takes
Light as a bloom upon it, not to pass,
So there be God.
Thy praise hath made speech song:
And song from lip to lip flies, and black ships
Bear it from sea to sea; and on some quay
Where rise tall masts, and gay booths flank the ways
A tumbler sings it; and an alien air
Trembles with thee, while strange men wonder, dumb,
To see thee pass: thou being all my song.

AT EVEN

Hush ye! Hush ye! My babe is sleeping.
Hush, ye winds, that are full of sorrow!
Hush, ye rains, from your weary weeping!
Give him slumber until to-morrow.

Hush ye, yet! In the years hereafter,
Surely sorrow is all his reaping;
Tears shall be in the place of laughter,
Give him peace for a while in sleeping.

Hush ye, hush! he is weak and ailing:
Send his mother his share of weeping.
Hush ye, winds, from your endless wailing;
Hush ye, hush ye, my babe is sleeping!

FROM DEMETER

The Faun's Call

Korè, O Korè! where art thou fled,
Now that the spring blows white in the land?
Shake out the honied locks of thy head,
Plunder the lilies that lie to thy hand—
Dew-laden lilies, loved of the bees,
Murmuring in them till shadows grow long,
With quickening silence under the trees;
Ere break the voluptuous thrillings of song,
From the brown-throated, sweet harbourers there,
Raptured, and grieving, under the stars!

Frederic Manning

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

INCARNATIONS

BEING an editor involves a few surprises. It seems a cold enterprise at first, an adventurous reaching out into mysterious voids and distances, a groping with empty hands. But soon one's finger-tips tingle with spirit touches, psychic manifestations of life afar. Documentary evidence of this life comes rushing in white-winged—messages of sympathy, messages of protest. Human eyes stare through the veil, human hands reach in through one's isolation, human souls tell their most sacred secrets, flaunt the colors of their most darkly besieged dreams.

Printed books soon begin to seem unresponsive to an editor, strangely remote and cold. For manuscripts, even the modern kind beaten into type, are alive; each one is charged with personality, it comes hot from the author's hand. Sometimes the queer ones are the most poignant of all—the ragged epic, the stodgy tragedy, the plodding lyric, on which some lonely but adventurous fellow-creature has staked his hope of fame. Yes, the most poignant these, for each, whatever its content, is a tragedy; the stake is lost, the midnight oil has been burned in vain.

And now and then some dimly imagined figure takes shape, some half-heard voice becomes definitely audible,

some signer of manuscripts becomes a poet incarnate, who walks into one's office like any beggar or king, any queen or milkmaid, of this ever various world. For the present editor the first of these incarnations was the serenely noble laureate of Bengal who honors us this month with a group of lyrics. Here, manifestly, was the ideal poet, the prophet aware of his world and now great-heartedly adopting ours; the Ambassador Extraordinary from East to West, bearing no passports from king to president, but speaking with supreme authority from race to race, writing a brave chapter in that epic of human brotherhood which must be sung around the world when locomotives and swift steamers, when traders, travellers, teachers, warriors, shall have opened wide the gates.

Not the antagonism but the sympathy between the two vast branches of the Aryan stock was the important revelation in this great Hindoo's visit. He had lived essentially our life, and won from it spiritual exaltation which each of us, in however slight degree, must aspire to now and then. His sense of humor was as quick as ours, his judgment as shrewd; he understood us better than we, being prejudiced, could understand ourselves, and so his journey around the world must avail for more intimate knowledge. As he has brought something of India to us, he will carry something of ours back to his people.

A few young men, beginning as far-away voices, have taken bodily form before our very eyes. The first of them was Arthur Davison Ficke, whose latest book,

Twelve Japanese Painters, betrays his oriental sympathies through its delicately toned rhyme-pictures in honor of the masters of the Ukioye. The next to emerge was Witter Bynner, from classic Cornish, whose fearsome tragedy in the May *Forum*, springing from dark depths of human pity, achieves a kind of stark, stripped, ruthless poetry, fit for the imaging of that iron cross on which millions of women have been crucified. Then came Alfred Noyes, reading his buccaneer ballads so wittily that we were almost transported back into the slashing days of good Queen Bess or sad King Charles. And now, as the spring grows warm, comes from Lincoln's own country a poet of Lincoln's own breed, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

A big breezy cheerful troubadour is this young man, who accepts without complaint the modern world's refusal to pay its poets a "living wage," quite simply takes us at our word, and turns beggar that he may effect a free exchange of rhymes for bread. Wholly sturdy and high-hearted is his faith in himself and his town, his brave resolve to leaven our whole lump with a bit of yeast in Springfield. Some day the rich collectors will bid high for those enlivening "war bulletins" of his, and for that free magazine whose "first and last number," with its stirring prophecies and symbolic decorations, preaches the gospel of beauty to the new age.

There is something of the crusaders' spirit in the *Rhymes for Bread*, which may be bought for a song or a

dinner, or even a two-cent stamp. That this crusader's sword is sharp, Mr. Lorimer, whom it scarred, can testify; also its edge and temper are proved by *Galahad, The Trap, The Soul of the Spider*, and the lofty and beautiful poem in honor of the late Governor Altgeld, *Sleep softly, Eagle forgotten, under the stone.*

But often our crusader sheathes his sword and deserts the highways for the meadows, to sing in perfect happiness of *The King of Yellow Butterflies, The Wizard Wind*, or even *The Grave of the Righteous Kitten.* Not since Riley wrote his gay lyrics has any poet touched familiar subjects with such high and illuminating comedy, or set them off with such fragrance and sparkle of imagery.

Mr. Lindsay is the real thing. And with this latest visitor ends, for the present, the tale of the editor's adventures. *H. M.*

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

The other night, at Covent Garden, we saw the incomparable Nijinsky mimic the Faun in Stéphane Mallarmé's delightful poem, with music by Debussy. When, years ago, I had those memorable talks with the poet, I little thought the day would come when *The Afternoon of a Faun* would receive a baptism of inspired music at the hands of the most gifted musician of his kind, and a stage portrayal by the greatest choreographic artist living.

The performance at Covent Garden was a triumph for three—the poet, the composer, and the dancer. The circle is now complete.

Where and how did the "Parnassian" school begin? At the salon of the Marquise de Ricard during the last years of the wonderful Second Empire. Here the members of the new group were wont to meet, take counsel together, and read aloud certain of their poems. No other salon in all Europe could offer such a galaxy of rising poetic genius. The magic circle on this particular evening included Sully Prudhomme and François Coppée, both future Academicians; Catulle Mendès, the brilliant young leader of the Parnassians, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and his friend Stéphane Mallarmé, the two most daring and original spirits of the celebrated movement.

When I arrived in Paris in 1869 this new school was firmly established, with Leconte de Lisle as the recognized master. One evening the Marquise de Ricard was seated in her famous room, adjoining the *grand salon*, surrounded by guests who belonged to the inner circle, all the others having taken their departure. The hostess and the favored ones, now *en petit comité*, were ready for the event of the evening, or rather the morning, for it was long past midnight. The room had a romantic aspect with its warm, soft colors, its long, heavy curtains, and its thick *tapis de moquette*. The hostess announces the great event—Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who is a follower of Beaudelaire and Poe, is about to read his unpublished drama, *Morgane* . . . . . It is four o'clock when he ceases reading, and when the guests leave the house all are under the potent spell. Mallarmé has been pro-

foundly impressed. He and the author of *Morgane* become close friends.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam declared that "genius is essentially silent," and that whatever revelation it makes is by suggestion instead of by direct expression. In one word, genius should never explain anything. And this was also Mallarmé's method of thought and work. This is why hardly one Frenchman in a thousand could understand Mallarmé's prose, while it was necessary one day for Catulle Mendès to explain one of Mallarmé's poems to a group of literary friends.

Stéphane Mallarmé is now almost popular, and popularity is what he most dreaded. Yet even in his own time he had a distinguished and powerful following. I can see them now, sitting almost in silence, puffing at cigarettes in the little room, while the host stood at a corner of the fire-place, waiting for the next idea, or a remark from some guest, all without hurry or excitement. The evenings were quiet and at certain moments quaker-like; the visitors entered into no discussion, having too much respect for the host. There was no loud talk. Some of the guests sat the whole evening without uttering a word. When I wanted to talk with Mallarmé intimately I saw him alone. At such times we talked of Whitman, Verlaine, Beaudelaire, but of Poe most of all. Mallarmé had published a volume of translations from Poe, and his admiration for the American poet had no limits. He insisted that Poe was an Irish poet who had nothing of the Anglo-American.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam was a gifted musician and sometimes improvised *macabre* melodies on the piano while he recited some verses of his own. Mallarmé was a passionate lover of the best music, and his one ambition was to make his verse musical, to suggest in words what music might suggest in sounds. He did not care whether people understood him or not. François Coppée was the least musical of all the Parnassians. Probably that is why I never cared for his poetry. As for my gifted friend, Sully Prudhomme, his poetic mantle fell off when he became didactic, which was towards the close of his life; but then Sully Prudhomme was one of the greatest psychological analysts the French Academy has possessed during the past hundred years.

Many of the young visitors to Mallarmé's salon are now celebrities. Henri de Regnier, whom I often met there, is now an Academician. *Francis Grierson.*

REVIEWS

The Youth Replies and Other Verses, by Louis How. Sherman, French & Co.

There is a quality of freshness in this book, a breath of ideas; but the poet is too easily satisfied with the commonplace word and with unexpert rhythms—the minor accents being too pronounced for the larger major rhythms. For this reason the shorter poems are more successful than the longer ones. *A Factory Girl*, *Too Late*, *To a Young Poet Who is Modern*, and several of the small poems single

themselves out for appreciation. Mr. How's sonnets have a pattern rather metrically exact, yet they say more than the average modern sonnet.

The Queen of Orplede, by George Wharton Stork. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Facile verse, exhibiting a lyric quality that might be perfected by a more precise and discriminate choice of words. This poem is typical:

> Scent of the wild, wet marshes,
> And lisp of the lazy sea,
> And a mouldering wreck 'mid the coarse green flags
> Looming dismally.
>
> Scent of the dank, dark marshes,
> And boom of the lonely sea,
> And a screaming sea-gull sweeping by
> Like a startled memory.

Songs Before Birth, by Isabelle Howe Fiske. The Mosher Press.

Expressing the emotion of expectant maternity and the sorrow of bereavement, these poems have a graceful and delicate lyric charm, but the personal note is inevitably the most poignant.

The Wind on the Heath, Ballads and Lyrics, by May Byron. George H. Doran Co.

Poems with the swinging movement of the dynamic ballad pattern, of sufficient force and vitality to compete with Mr. Noyes, Mr. Service and other modern balladists.

> The red-sailed barges stagger where the seething vapours crawl,
> The towering clippers pierce the fog beyond the dim dock wall,
> And the steamers each to each,
> Cry out in strident speech,
> And the liners hoot and bellow through the murk of Limehouse Reach

Poems, by Herbert Kaufman. George H. Doran Company.

According to an English critic, "Mr. Kaufman plays no stringed instrument; he beats upon the drum of life." Upon the ear-drums would have been nearer. These are distinctly poems of purpose. *Why Are You Weeping, Sister?* and *The Waiting Woman* are propagandist treatises on the social evil, and many of the other poems remind one of boxers, prize-fighters and similar heroes, whose only apparent mission in life is to be strong. And Mr. Kaufman's poems are victimized by this excessive gymnastic exercise—they are essentially muscle-bound. The spirit of them is strenuous, to say the least. It is representative of a tendency of many minds who picture Evil, Injustice, Wrong, as if it lived in some definite, given place; and they are going out to find this bearded creature crouching in its lair and *fight it*, by St. George, with naked hand. But the search is inevitably fruitless; the glory is in the shouting and the arming for battle. And to this militant spirit is added the aggressive, progressive insistency of modern America. *This is your Hour* belongs distinctly to the DO IT NOW school of commercial optimism.

> This is your hour — creep upon it!
> Summon your power, leap upon it!
> Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
> Strike it, spike it, with full might!
> If you take too long to ponder,
> Opportunity may wander.
> Yesterday's a bog of sorrow;
> No man ever finds tomorrow.

The Great River, Poems and Pictures, by Frederick Oakes Sylvester, Chicago, 1911.

These poems celebrate the Mississippi River as the haunt of boyhood and companion of maturity. The verse is obviously that of a beginner; but there is a certain homely sincerity in it, and a genuine feeling for nature, not glossed with sentimentality.

The best thing in the book is the description of the town by the river,

> Where quaint old-fashioned houses
> Behind the fir-trees hide,

but now changing:

> A fatal thing she nourishes, for lo!
> She gives an alien child her breasts to nurse,
> Whose lips are iron and whose heart is brass,
> And, dreaming, does not realize nor know
> Its very touch a menace is and curse.

A Walled Garden and Other Poems, by Margaret Root Garvin. The Mosher Press.

Some of the poems in this volume are very charming. An occasional inversion mars direct expression, but the general lyric quality is exceptionally good. The following triolet contains, in eight lines, what most Memorial Day orators take forty minutes to expound.

> On their swords the red rust,
> On their graves the red roses:
> Like old Hate, turned to dust,
> On their swords the red rust,
> While Love blooms as it must;
> So this day-dawn discloses
> On their swords the red rust,
> On their graves, the red roses.

The Night Watch and *The Narcissus Pool* are two other poems that might be quoted.

A Dome of Many Colored Glass, by Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Lowell's volume contains sonnets and lyrics, chiefly reflective and contemplative, somewhat remote and approaching a tonal twilight, but rhythmic in quality and exhibiting purity of taste and an instinct for artistic selection.

This book, the little volume by Mrs. Fiske, that by Miss Garvin, and other recent publications of feminine authorship, justify a rather interesting characterization: that is, that in this day and generation, in our country, it is the women who *sing*.

The lyric note, the pure song-quality, is very largely sheltered by feminine wings. By their ministration is the Cavalier music prolonged, and the half-forgotten Elizabethan kinship between verse and the stringed instrument. This is no small contribution, certainly; for the idea that delicacy and strength may not be synonymous is one that especially needs negative emphasis in this day of the confused sense of correspondence between the brutal and the strong. The observation is made casually, but there are many voices to sustain it. The singing man, it may be, is out of fashion; but we regret the loss of the lute-player as well as the lute.

CORRESPONDENCE

A WORD TO MR. POUND

Sir:—

I have little Tuscan and no Provençal, but I seem to discern in your verse a slap at this "generation of the thoroughly smug." Therefore it was with pained surprise that I discovered you had taken some lines of mine as text for your phillipic, *Pax Saturni*. At first it seemed funny, then it seemed unfair; and finally I made up my mind that it was simply stupid.

My lines were ironical, you know. Of course you know what irony is, because you descend to it yourself in *Pax Saturni*; though I may be mistaken. How would you like it if I were to amputate

> Say there are no oppressions,
> Say it is a time of peace,
> Say that labor is pleasant,
> . . . . . .
> Speak of the American virtues,

and clap it at the head of an ode entitled *President Taft*? Wouldn't it seem ridiculous to you?

No, Mr. Aggressively Contemporary Pound, here in America very few people indeed believe that these are "fair, peaceful, happy days." And of course the event which I symbolize occurred very recently—Lincoln Steffens' magnificient try for peace during the trial of the McNamaras. Perhaps I wrong you, but no one else misunderstood my lines.

If your criticism had been one of poetic form, I should have respected it, at any rate.

I am glad you and Walt Whitman are friends. You ought to have known each other long ago.

John Reed.

LINES TO W. B.

What do we write of but the petty treasuries of little men?
Boxes of buttons for shirt-fronts and links for the sleeves,
Cigarette-puffs of sentiment, cigarette-cases of silver,
Gardens and streams that abound on the tables of restaurants
And mountains that amass in pigeon-holes!

Or we lie supine in a hammock
Humming fastidious news of the future,
Doubts of the present and hopes of antiquity,
Changes of passion as real as the rote of an actor,
Professions of fellowship wooden and stale as a pulpit.

We are evaders and strummers.
Our words are the popping of corks
And our lives go to settle the payment;
But there's something we call Greek, which we take like cloves for the breath.

And whom shall we call on, pray, to heed and to hurry our message,
But opera-chairs, limousines, and their occupants,
Women who earnestly nod over nonsense,

Heavy academies canting
And coteries wearing soft collars,
The elite and the slums of illusion!

Show me a forehead shining with a star,
And let me hear a voice whose breath
Has not been tempered by electric-fans,
Nor manufactured in a squeaking doll,
But driven by the inner whirr of forces elemental and alive and true,
And I will show you such an audience
Of common sense
As grows in these new times
To alter taste with honesty
And be the human dwelling of a poet.

Witter Bynner.

ON FIRST OPENING *THE LYRIC YEAR*

It is a certain satisfaction to overlook a cemetery,
All the little two-yard-long mounds that vary
So negligibly after all. I mean it brings on a mood
Of clear proportions. I remember once how I stood
Thinking, one summer's day, how good it must be to spend
Some thousand years there from beginning to the end,
There on the cool hillside. But with that feeling grew the dread

That I too would have to be like all the other dead.
That unpleasant sense which one has when one smothers,
Unhappy to leave so much behind merely to resemble others.
It's good no doubt to lie socially well ordered when one has so long to lie,
But for myself somehow this does not satisfy.

W. C. W.

NOTES

Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, poet and musician, was born in Calcutta in 1861. His first work of importance, an opera written at eighteen, was followed by plays, stories, novels and poems, culminating in the *Gitanjali* or *Song Offerings*, six lyrics from which, in *Poetry* last December, introduced this great Bengal poet to American readers.

A year ago Mr. Tagore left India, and after a few months in England, came to this country last autumn for a half-year's sojourn. Much of this time he has spent in translating his poems, his knowledge of English being sensitive and profound. Also he has written directly in our language a series of lectures on the religion of India, and given them at the Universities of Harvard, Chicago, Illinois, Wisconsin, and elsewhere.

Mr. Tagore's lyrics are sung throughout Bengal by the people, and many of them form part of the simple ritual of the Brahma Somaj church, of which Maharshi (Saint) Devendra Nath Tagore, father of the poet, was a

founder. Many members of the family have been distinguished in India; a close relative of the poet is now director of the National School of Art in Calcutta, which has done so much to revive the old Indian tradition. Articles on the poet have recently appeared in *The North American* (May Sinclair), *The Fortnightly* (Ezra Pound), *The Hibbert Journal* (T. W. Rolleston), *The Nation* (Evelyn Underhill), *Current Opinion* and elsewhere; and Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote an eloquent introduction for the *Gitanjali*, recently published by Macmillan.

Francis Thompson (1859-1907), whose *Hound of Heaven* and many other poems are as familiar in America as in England, left a few almost illegible manuscripts in the hands of his literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, through whose courtesy the sonnet *To a Friend* is now published.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, was for some years editor of *Lippincott's*, and for a longer period director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His latest book of verse is *Lyrics and Landscapes*.

The other poets represented in this number are all young, most of them having published no volume as yet. Mr. Frederic Manning, the only Englishman among them, is the author of *Scenes and Portraits*, and *The Vigil of Brunhilde*, a narrative poem. Mr. William Carlos Williams has lived mostly in or near New York, where he practices medicine. A few of his poems were first published in English magazines five years ago.

Mrs. Helen Cowles Le Cron, born in Iowa, was graduated from Northwestern University in 1908. Marrying soon after, she lived five years in Wyoming, but returned recently to Des Moines.

Mr. Rollo Britten, now editor of a paper in Manistee, Michigan, was born in Nebraska in 1889, and graduated from Harvard in 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Helen of Troy, and Other Poems, by Sara Teasdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lyrics From a Library, by Clinton Scollard. George William Browning.
A Duet With Omar, by Albert J. Edmunds, with a supplement by James E. Richardson. Innes & Sons.
Porzia, by Cale Young Rice. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Sheltered, A Poem, by Marvin M. Taylor. Privately printed.
A Legend of the Rose and Other Poems, by Leyland Huckfield. Privately printed.
The Natal Chords and Other Poems, and *The Arm Most Strong and Other Poems*, by George Keller De Long. Privately printed.
Ode to Morning, by Hiram Powers Dilworth. Privately printed.
A Summer Idyl, by Mary Leedy Flanigan. The Cosmopolitan Press.
To the Lost Friend, by Auguste Angellier. Translated by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Sherman, French & Co.
To Bliss Carman, a Little Anthology by Four Admirers who dwell in the Canadian Homeland. Privately printed.
First Flights in Verse, by Maxwell Edgar. Privately printed.
The Art of Versification, by J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts. The Home Correspondence School.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

UNITED STATES.
New York: *The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion.*
Chicago: *The Dial, Music News, System.*
Philadelphia: *The Conservator.*
Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot.*
Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk.*
New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review.*
FOREIGN.
Paris: *La Vie des Lettres* (No. 1)—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine; Poeme et Drame; Les Bandeaux d'Or; Mercure de France; L'Effort Libre, Les Poetes; L'Ile Sonnante.*
London: *Poetry and Drama* (No. 1)—Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review* (new series), Stephen Phillips, editor; *Rhythm.*
Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

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To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—*Whitman.*

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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

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Poetry
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No. 4

JULY, 1913

THE MOON IS A MIRROR

A SENSE OF HUMOR

Spoken by the Author in his own person

NO man should stand before the moon,
To make sweet song thereon,
With dandified importance,
His sense of humor gone.

Nay, let him don the motley cap,
The jester's chastened mien,
If he would woo that looking-glass
And see what should be seen.

O mirror on fair Heaven's wall!
We find there what we bring;
So let us smile in honest part,
And deck our souls, and sing.

Yea, by the chastened jest alone
Will ghosts and terrors pass;
And fays, and merry friendly things
Throw kisses through the glass.

THE SOUL OF THE GAMBLER

Where now the huts are empty,
Where never a camp-fire glows,
In an abandoned cañon
A gambler's ghost arose.

He muttered there, "The moon's a sack
Of dust." His voice rose thin:
"I wish I knew the miner man;
I'd play, and play to win.

"In every game in Cripple Creek
Of old, when stakes were high,
I held my own. Now I would play
For that sack in the sky.

"The sport would not be ended there.
'Twould rather be begun.
I'd bet my moon against His stars,
And gamble for the Sun."

WHAT THE MINER IN THE DESERT SAID

The moon's a brazen water-keg,
A wondrous water-feast.

If I could climb the sands and drink
And give drink to my beast,

If I could drain that keg, the flies
Would not be biting so,
My burning feet be spry again,
My mule no longer slow,

And I could rise and dig for ore
And reach my fatherland,
And not be food for ants and hawks,
And perish in the sand.

WHAT THE MOON SAW

Two statesmen met by moonlight;
Their ease was partly feigned.
They glanced about the prairie,
Their faces were constrained.

In various ways aforetime
They had misled the state,
Yet did it so politely
Their henchmen thought them great.

They sat beneath a hedge and spake
No word, but had a smoke.
A satchel passed from hand to hand . . .
Next day the deadlock broke.

THE MOON IS COMPARED TO A CITY
What the Tired Reformer Said

The moon's a perfect city, with
Curved walls encompassed round;
With yellow palaces upreared
Upon a glittering ground.

Sometimes a disk, a planet dead;
But on this splendid night,
When all the sky is shining clear,
When my whole heart is light,

I think it is a place for friends.
My soul is there in mirth,
With golden-robed good-citizens,
Far from the dusty earth.

Hail to the perfect city then!
I love your doors and domes,
Your turrets and your palaces,
Your terraces, your homes.

THE MOON IS A KNIGHT IN ARMOR
What the Soldier Said

Oh, see the knight in armor,
Who keeps his visor down
And charges with a moon-beam spear
On hard hearts of the town;

Who makes the shabby fountain-square
A flowering, glimmering park,
Who pierces with a sharp-sweet dream
The crabbed minds and dark;

Who conquers those who see him not,
Their brooding heads bent down;
The knight whose scarcely-heeded strokes
Have cleansed and cleared the town!

EUCLID

Old Euclid drew a circle
On a sand-beach, long ago.
He bounded and enclosed it
With angles thus and so.

His set of solemn greybeards
Nodded and argued much
Of arc and of circumference,
Diameter and such.

A silent child stood by them
From morning until noon,
Because they drew such charming
Round pictures of the moon.

DRYING THEIR WINGS

What the Carpenter Said to the Child

The moon's a cottage with a door—
Some folk can see it plain.
Look! You may catch a glint of light
A-sparkle through the pane,
Showing the place is brighter still
Within, though bright without.
There at a cosy open fire
Strange babes are grouped about:
The children of the Wind and Tide,
The urchins of the sky,
Drying their wings from storms and things
So they again can fly.

YET GENTLE WILL THE GRIFFIN BE

What Grandpa Told the Children

The Moon? It is a griffin's egg,
Hatching tomorrow night;
And how the little boys will watch
With shouting and delight

To see him break the shell and stretch
And creep across the sky.
The boys will laugh, the little girls,
I fear, may hide and cry.

Yet gentle will the griffin be,
Most decorous and fat;
And walk up to the milky way
And lap it like a cat.

WHAT THE RATTLESNAKE SAID

The Moon's a little prairie-dog.
He shivers through the night.
He sits upon his hill and cries
For fear that I will bite.

The Sun's a broncho. He's afraid
Like every other thing,
And trembles morning, noon and night
Lest I should spring and sting.

THE RECREANT QUEENS

To be tied to a pebble and thrown through a palace window

The Moon's a mirror where dim shades
Of queens are doomed to peer,
The beauteous queens that loved not love
Or faith or godly fear.
The night-wind makes their mirror grey.
The breath of Autumn drear,
And many mists of time and change
Have clouded it apace,

In mercy veiled it lest each queen
Too clearly see her face,
With long-past sins deep written there,
And ghostly rags she now must wear,
While slain men o'er her shoulders glare,
Leering at her disgrace.

THE SCISSORS-GRINDER
What the Tramp Said

The old man had his box and wheel
For grinding knives and shears.
No doubt his bell in village streets
Was joy to children's ears.

And I bethought me of my youth
When such men came around,
And times I asked them in, quite sure
The scissors should be ground.

The old man turned and spoke to me,
His face at last in view.
And then I thought those curious eyes
Were eyes that once I knew.

"The moon is but an emery-wheel
To whet the sword of God,"
He said, "and here beside my fire
I stretch upon the sod

"Each night, and dream, and watch the stars
And watch the ghost-clouds go,
And see the sword of God in Heaven
A-waving to and fro.

"I see that sword each century, friend.
It means the world-war comes,
With all its bloody wicked chiefs
And hate-inflaming drums.

"Men talk of Peace, but I have seen
That emery-wheel turn round.
The voice of Abel cries again
To God from out the ground.

"The ditches must flow red, the Plague
Go stark and screaming by,
Each time the sword of God takes edge
Within the midnight sky.

"And those that scorned their brothers here
And sowed a wind of shame
Will reap the whirlwind as of old,
And face relentless flame."

And thus the scissors-grinder spoke,
His face at last in view.
And there beside the railroad-bridge
I saw the Wandering Jew.

WHAT THE YOUNG RHYMER SAID

No poet spent with visions,
Bit by the City's teeth,
Laughing at fortune, seeking
Fame and the singer's wreath,
But must grow brave this evening,
Humming a wilder tune,
Armed against men and nations.
Why? He beholds the moon!

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

PARTINGS

If I leave you without a word,
It is not that I do not love you;
But that life's love depths are stirred
By the shadow of God above you.

If I leave you without a sign,
It is not that my heart is colder,
But that you are now more mine
Through love grown wiser and older.

Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne

A VERY OLD SONG

"Daughter, thou art come to die:
    Sound be thy sleeping, lass."
"Well: without lament or cry,
    Mother, let me pass."

"What things on mould were best of all?
    (Soft be thy sleeping, lass.)"
"The apples reddening till they fall
In the sun beside the convent wall.
    Let me pass."

"Whom on earth hast thou loved best?
    (Sound be thy sleeping, lass.)"
"Him that shared with me thy breast;
Thee; and a knight last year our guest.
He hath an heron to his crest.
    Let me pass."

"What leavest thou of fame or hoard?
    (Soft be thy sleeping, lass.)"
"My far-blown shame for thy reward;
To my brother, gold to get him a sword.
    Let me pass."

"But what wilt leave thy lover, Grim?
    (Sound be thy sleeping, lass.)"
"The hair he kissed to strangle him.
    Mother, let me pass."

William Laird

STONE WALLS

Dividing the land are the walls, walls of stone and linking
Pasture with meadow and meadow with pasture again.
Loops of stone, I see them stretching everywhere in lines
  and circles,
Beautiful reaching lines that separate wheat fields
From the pale blue of rye, and the waving splendor of
  oats.
Separating and joining, O walls of gray,
Join, I beseech you, my spirit with yours;
Separate me from the world that I may be with you,
Touching the golden of wheat fields, the silver of rye.

ROCKS

Through the pasture lie the rocks, gray as the sea in a fog,
As the sea in a mist.
(O breath of my yearning, O sea, breaking gray in a fog!)
The rocks rise tumultuous, the rocks are waves.
Flee from them, they are in pursuit;
Lichen-crusted their summits, rolling most mightily.
Flee from the rocks, the pale-crested waves of the
  meadows!

Mary Eastwood Knevels

AN IMPRESSION

The arching skies, the ancient wind
Soughing through immemorial trees;
The sense of all that lurks behind
The year's now tattered masonries,
Where the blithe birds once built their home
High in the air-sweet, leafy dome.

Then, the lone figure of a girl
Clear-limned against the buttressed hills;
Slim, beautiful, a tiny pearl
Set round with ruby light that fills
The all-illumined spaces where
No dark may creep nor shadow dare.

Not for an earldom would I break
The silence of yon dreaming maid;
I could not play her soul awake
With Love's most magic serenade;
Her thought holds secrets hid from me,
Deeper than mortal minstrelsy.

SONG OF EARTH'S MEANING

"What does it matter," you say,
"When the wilderness lies tame to the hand of man?
It can last but a day,
It is part of the primal plan
For the best of mortal endeavor to pass away."

Nay, not so.
Man *must* conquer, the soul of him win,
Leash the lightning, burrow the plumbless sea,
Level the mountains, make him a place within
Dank-aired mines, build him cities where he
Shall walk alert and free
Nor trample on want and woe.

'Tis the spirit of man to fight
For the ultimate prizes, won
By the sweat of his brow, the light
That is in him; by star and sun,
To plant and plan and die in the quest,
Till the tortured world, by east and west,
Yield him a largess of tilth and joy and rest.

Haggard, beat-down, beset
By a myriad opposing things,
He shall labor in faith, to get
The glory that gives him wings;
To see the desert bloom like the rose,
And the crooked paths made straight,
The miracle wrought in the face of foes
That menace him, soon and late.
Since something within him *dares*, and his deep heart knows.

'Tis the romance of daedal days
In this latest birth of Time,
And better than all the lays
Of legends that ring in rhyme;
'Tis the victor-song sublime
Of the pigmy that first began
Up toward the stars to climb,
When he quoth to himself, "I can!"

He cannot but live his life
Pricked by this wonder-thought:
To use the hammer and knife,
Till out of the stress is wrought,
Out of the sorrow and strife,
A world a-smile in an after age;
Even as God in his counsels sage,
Struck from chaos our heritage.

Then hail to the master work,
To the romance of matter, hail!
Never a chance to shirk,
Never the will to fail,
Till the planet, conquered and cleansed, shall shine
As fire, and swing to the song divine
Of the cosmic choir,—brother, your song and mine!

Richard Burton

APOLOGY

Be not angry with me that I bear
  Your colors everywhere,
  All through each crowded street,
    And meet
  The wonder-light in every eye,
    As I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze,
  Blinded by rainbow-haze,
  The stuff of happiness,
    No less,
  Which wraps me in its glad-hued folds
    Of peacock golds.

Before my feet the dusty, rough-paved way
  Flushes beneath its gray.
  My steps fall ringed with light,
    So bright
  It seems a myriad suns are strown
    About the town.

Around me is the sound of steepled bells,
  And rich perfumèd smells
  Hang like a wind-forgotten cloud,
    And shroud

Me from close contact with the world.
  I dwell, impearled.

You blazon me with jewelled insignia.
  A flaming nebula
  Rims in my life. And yet
    You set
  The word upon me, unconfessed,
    To go unguessed.

A BLOCKHEAD

Before me lies a mass of shapeless days,
  Unseparated atoms, and I must
  Sort them apart and live them. Sifted dust
Covers the formless heap. Reprieves, delays,
There are none, ever. As a monk who prays
  The sliding beads asunder, so I thrust
  Each tasteless particle aside, and just
Begin again the task which never stays.
  And I have known a glory of great suns,
When days flashed by, pulsing with joy and fire!
Drunk bubbled wine in goblets of desire,
  And felt the whipped blood laughing as it runs!
Spilt is that liquor, my too hasty hand
Threw down the cup, and did not understand.

Amy Lowell

FOUR POEMS IN UNRHYMED CADENCE

I.

London, my beautiful,
it is not the sunset
nor the pale green sky
shimmering through the curtain
of the silver birch,
nor the quietness;
it is not the hopping
of the little birds
upon the lawn,
nor the darkness
stealing over all things
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly
over the tree-tops
among the stars,
I think of her
and the glow her passing
sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,
I will climb
into the branches
to the moonlit tree-tops,
that my blood may be cooled
by the wind.

II.

Dear one!
you sit there
in the corner of the carriage;
and you do not know me;
and your eyes forbid.

Is it the dirt, the squalor,
the wear of human bodies,
and the dead faces of our neighbors?
These are but symbols.

You are proud; I praise you;
your mouth is set; you see beyond us:
and you see nothing.

I have the vision of your calm, cold face,
and of the black hair that waves above it;
I watch you; I love you;
I desire you.

There is a quiet here
within the thud-thud of the wheels
upon the railway.

There is a quiet here
within my heart,
but tense and tender. . . .

This is my station. . . .

III.

Under the lily shadow
and the gold
and the blue and mauve
that the whin and the lilac
pour down on the water,
the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves
and the rippled silver
and the tarnished copper
of its neck and beak,
toward the deep black water
beneath the arches,
the swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats
and the black depth of my sorrow
bears a white rose of flame.

IV.—IN THE GARDEN

The grass is beneath my head;
and I gaze
at the thronging stars
in the aisles of night.

They fall . . . they fall. . . .
I am overwhelmed,
and afraid.

Each little leaf of the aspen
is caressed by the wind,
and each is crying.

And the perfume
of invisible roses
deepens the anguish.

Let a strong mesh of roots
feed the crimson of roses
upon my heart;
and then fold over the hollow
where all the pain was.

F. S. Flint

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

POETRY A ZEST FOR LIFE

IT is good to be reminded of first principles in these days of professional scholarship of detail. *Enjoyment of Poetry*, by Mr. Max Eastman (Charles Scribner's Sons), is not only psychological analysis worthy of an ex-professor of philosophy, but it is also emotion. It is the work of a live man enthralled by the power and beauty of the spirit of poetry, and passionately moved to show its importance in the eternal and temporal scheme of things, and to hint at the abysmal folly and stupidity of neglecting it. So full of essential faith is the author—faith in life, in man, in unvanquishable truth and beauty, in the ever-renewing vitality of the art—that his mood throughout the book is joyous; he carries one along in the sweep of his generous feeling, and pays no attention to hackneyed complaints of this so-called prosaic and material age.

Mr. Eastman begins by showing that poetry is essentially love of life. The poetic person loves the journey, while the practical person loves the goal. The former lives, the latter only uses life for his purpose. The distinction, he thinks,

> lies not in books but in the protoplasm. No doubt, if we knew enough, we could trace this cleavage of two motives back into the very birth of alertness in matter, and there see the one current scorning the other as today. For poetry is an attitude of the body. Both anteceding and transcending speech or idea, it is a way of experiencing realities

Children are poetic in their zest for experiment and adventure, Aeschylus was poetic in forgetting his tragedies to order inscribed upon his tomb the boast that he fought at Marathon. The author is full of a healthy scorn for that "pretty demon called an Artistic Temperament"; the poetic instinct "is not an attribute of special, exotic or disordered types, but a universal quality of our nature." No man living is wholly bereft of a zest for life; but "it is only the childlike and the poetic who make innumerable intimate acquaintances," who welcome and perfect all experience.

Mr. Eastman's scorn of the rhetoricians is refreshing. With one large gesture he dismisses their catalogues from the dictionary, reduces simile and metonymy and synecdoche "and other long-tailed monsters" to the primitive human impulse for naming things, for naming them eloquently, poignantly, in words or phrases that flash the very essence of their meaning on the mind.

> The selective poetic name guides the attention to a focus; and this service, though it may seem slight, is in fact very great, and for the majority indispensable to the acute realization of anything. Even to that lucky few who are by nature awake when their eyes are open, the living word is no superfluity. He who can speak it, who can sometimes catch the humor of their sensibility and crystallize it upon a point, is as dear to them as he is tedious who can neither select a focus nor remain silent, but spreads adjectives all over the face of nature. . . Words make the world grow, not because they express a feeling, but because they give to the feeling locality and distinct body. . . The more hot and electric the mind's passion for experience, the more it narrows itself to a single item and condenses there the whole ecstasy. . . Ideally poetry would always be a vivifying, through the magic of imagery and syllable, of present experience in an adventurous world.

But "they are Time's fools who summarize." We cannot squeeze out the essence of this volume, nor quote a tithe of its very quotable phrases. All that is for its

readers, who should be numerous. The whole effect of the argument is to combat the popular heresy that poetry is a bookish art. "Poetry is a countryman," he says, "and greets every experience by its own name. . . . Poetry ushers us out of the library; it is a gesture toward the world."

In democracy, and more democracy, he thinks, lies the hope of the art. "That baleful constraint, the ideal of respectability, is a more sure destroyer of poetry" than even poverty, or absorbing ambition. The wealthy "wrap themselves in fabrics and fine manners, encase themselves in forms, touch nothing to the quick."

> They who cherish hopes of poetry will, therefore, do well to favor every assault of labor upon the monopoly of leisure by a few. They will be ready for a drastic redistribution of the idle hours.

The brief and curiously elementary chapter on prosody is the only vulnerable point in the book. We reserve its inadequacies, and those of certain longer works on the subject, for further discussion.

H. M.

AS TO PREACHING

Poets are always asking: Why can't I preach if I want to; why, if I write a pure lyric today, can't I write a sermon-ode tomorrow without gathering on my head the anathema of critics? We do not need the talk of Art-for-art's-sake to answer the question.

All expression is preaching, an endeavor to inform a comrade spirit of a truth, or a seeming truth, which the preacher's spirit has achieved; but there are two methods

of conveying this truth. One is, to appeal to man's intellect, and by process of reason, and stimulation to mental activity, to arouse his inner self to an understanding of the new conception: that is the method of the priest in the chancel. The other method is to recreate and transmit by the medium of words or music or painting or sculpture, the actual experience which has originally brought the truth to light in the preacher's own soul, so that another will find the truth for himself. That is the poet's method. The priest's method is indirect. Unable to transmit to another the actual experience which has been vital to him, he tries to reach the spirit by way of the mind. The poet's method is direct, and ultimately the only effective one. Men do not learn as they are taught; they learn as they experience. The poet who sermonizes, therefore, is for the time being denying his gift of direct utterance and voluntarily taking the cumbersome indirect way.

Pulpit orators come and go. The best of them—men like Wesley, Beecher, Phillips Brooks—leave a volume or so behind them which is forgotten, as all commentary is ultimately forgotten by all to whom life is an adventure rather than a series of theological problems. The only preachments that live are those imaginative outbursts of temperament in clash with life, which we call, according to the outward form, poetry or music, sculpture or painting. What pulpit orator, or moralizing poet, indeed, can compete with the C major Symphony of Beethoven? Or

even with so seemingly slight a thing as:

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
    Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
    Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
    May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
    I consecrate to thee.

In lines such as these, in Heine's songs and in Catullus, in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, in Shelley's—

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
    Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,—
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,
    Swift be thy flight!

Or in Goethe's—

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh.
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Or in Wordsworth's—

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
    That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
    A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,—

in such lines lie the only sermons that really matter, for they fling open the windows of God's high palaces and give us a glimpse of the calm glories within.

All expression, truly, is preaching, and preaching one thing: Harmony from chaos. There are many folk these days who are planning in their own way to remake the world, and a horde of poets among them, for the poet, alack, must have his sociological theories packed down and salted, or the critics will have none of him. So we are deluged with tracts in rhyme, and critics there are who will praise them, and call them poetry. And with it all we are like to forget that one far-away lyric outburst, the greatest social sermon ever preached:

> The fowls of the air have their nests and the foxes their holes, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.

Of all who preach to man, the artist alone has a touch of the eloquence of God, for it is given him to reject dry, logic-chopping words, and speak his wisdom through the divine medium of trees and birds and stars, and the eternal passions of men. *Hermann Hagedorn.*

REVIEWS

Romance, Vision, and Satire: English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Century newly rendered in the original metres, by Jessie L. Weston. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Weston, who is well known for her translations from mediaeval romances and her studies in the Arthurian legends, has in this volume essayed a very difficult task. That danger and distress await everyone who under-

takes the translation of poetry from one language into another has long been recognized; but it seems to be assumed that the modernization of ancient poetry written in the mother tongue may be undertaken with a light heart. As a matter of fact successful modernization is perhaps even more difficult than translation. In the first place, the modernizer is tempted to retain the words and idioms of the original text even when they have lost their ancient meanings and associations. In the second place, if the language has undergone a loss of inflections, the preservation of the original metre tempts to the insertion of words which are either conventionally decorative or mere empty syllables. It is generally admitted that the most successful translations are not literal reproductions, but imaginative reconstructions of the ideas, imagery, associations, verse effects and tone of the original. Such a method applied to modernization would produce results so obviously unlike the original on the surface as to insure immediate rejection. The modernizer, being debarred from the only method of successful translation, therefore is tempted into the difficulties and dangers just indicated; and Miss Weston has yielded to the temptation.

Some of the poems which she has chosen to present are without question the most difficult poems in the English language. Not only is the meaning often obscure, but the complications of the verse structure have often resulted in a boldness of diction which is justified

only by the poetic power of the original author. Miss Weston has not missed the general meaning of her texts very often, but she has often inserted meaningless or conventionally decorative words for the sake of filling out the metre, and still more often has substituted for the dynamic diction and visualized imagery of the original, words and images that have no life or power of impressing the inner eye.

But notwithstanding these deficiencies, the power of this poetry is such that the book must be recommended to readers who cannot deal directly with the originals. *Gawain and the Green Knight* and *Piers the Plowman* are, to be sure, already accessible in prose translations, and *Pearl* has been more than once rendered into prose and into verse; but *Gawain*, at least, is more effective as verse, even when shorn of its brilliance and vividness and speed, than as prose, and the fascination of *Pearl* may excuse a new verse-rendering of it, even after the partial version by Dr. Weir Mitchell and the complete one by Miss Sophie Jewett. Moreover, the other poems, *The Adventures of Arthur*, *Morte Arthur*, *Cleanness*, and *Patience*, are not elsewhere accessible to the modern reader.

One statement in the Preface is so misleading that it must be supposed that the poems were not printed as Miss Weston intended. She says, "Since the original text of these poems is now unintelligible save to scholars, they should be reproduced in their entirety." But of

Morte Arthur this volume contains only 291 lines out of 4346; the extract from *Cleanness* begins with line 1357; that from *Patience* begins with line 61 and ends with line 344, omitting 345-531, a passage containing some of the best poetry and best psychology in the poem.

It is also difficult to accept the statement on the title-page that the poems are rendered in the original metres. The nearest approach to this is in the case of *Pearl*, but it is practically impossible to secure in a translation the remarkable combination of complex rhyme and structural alliteration which is the characteristic technical feature of that poem. The use of rhyme in the main stanza of *Gawain* is a blunder in technique, as rhyme tends to check the rapidity of movement. The same remark is true in lesser degree of *Cleanness*, *Patience*, and *Piers the Plowman*. A purely alliterative measure, even though rough and imperfect, would have better preserved the movement and tone of the original.

It is greatly to be hoped that this volume will help to emphasize the fact that Chaucer was not the only English poet of high ability in the fourteenth century. In general conception and in details of execution *Gawain and the Green Knight* is a poem of which any writer in any age might well be proud, and each of the other poems contains passages not inferior to any in the *Gawain*.

John M. Manly

Love Poems and Others, by D. H. Lawrence. Duckworth.

The *Love Poems*, if by that Mr. Lawrence means the middling-sensual erotic verses in this collection, are a sort of pre-raphaelitish slush, disgusting or very nearly so. The attempts to produce the typical Laurentine line have brought forth:

> I touched her and she shivered like a dead snake.

which was improved by an even readier parodist, to

> I touched her and she came off in scales.

Jesting aside, when Mr. Lawrence ceases to discuss his own disagreeable sensations, when he writes low-life narrative, as he does in *Whether or Not* and in *Violets*, there is no English poet under forty who can get within shot of him. That Masefield should be having a boom seems, as one takes count of these poems, frankly ridiculous.

It is no more possible to quote from them as illustration than it would be to illustrate a Rembrandt by cutting off two inches of canvas. The first is in mood-ridden *chiaroscuro*, the characters being a policeman, his sweetheart, his mother, and a widow who has taken advantage of his excitement and by whom he has had a child. It is sullen and heavy, and as ugly as such a tale must be.

> Yi, tha'rt a man, tha'rt a fine big man, but never a baby had eyes
> As sulky an' ormin as thine.
>
> I damn well shanna marry 'er,
> So chew at it no more,
> Or I'll chuck the flamin' lot of you—
> You needn't have swore.

So much for the tonality. Kipling has never done it as well in verse, though he gets something like the same range in his prose of *Bedelia Harrodsfoot.* The comparison with Masefield is, as I have said, ridiculous. It is what Masefield would like to do and can not.

Violets presents two girls and another at the funeral of a young fellow who has died among

> Pals worse n'r any name as you could call.
>
> Ah know tha liked 'im better nor me. But let
> Me tell thee about this lass. When you had gone
> Ah stopped behind on t' pad i' th' drippin' wet
> An' watched what 'er 'ad on.

If this book does not receive the Polignac prize* a year from this November, there will be due cause for scandal.

Mr. Lawrence was "discovered" by Ford Madox Hueffer during the latter's editorship of the *English Review*, about four years ago. Some of his verses appeared then, and he has since made a notable reputation by his prose works, *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser.*

His prose training stands him in good stead in these poems. The characters are real. They are not stock figures of "the poor," done from the outside and provided with *cliché* emotions.

> I expect you know who I am, Mrs. Naylor!
> —Who yer are? yis, you're Lizzie Stainwright.
> An 'appen you might guess what I've come for?
> —'Appen I mightn't, 'appen I might.

*This prize, awarded by the British academic committee to Walter de la Mare in 1911, to Masefield in 1912, is given for a work of imagination which must have appeared before the November previous.

Mr. Lawrence has attempted realism and attained it. He has brought contemporary verse up to the level of contemporary prose, and that is no mean achievement. These two poems at least are great art.

Ezra Pound

NOTES

Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was introduced to the readers of POETRY through *General Booth Enters into Heaven* in the January number. This poem will furnish the title of his first book, which will be published by Mitchell Kennerley next autumn. Mr. Lindsay, whose tramping crusade for the "gospel of beauty" has been referred to in these pages, is now living in Springfield, Illinois, his native town.

Dr. Richard Burton is well known as poet, lecturer, editor and instructor. In 1888 he began his scholastic career as professor of Old English at Johns Hopkins, and since 1898 he has been, except for four years, head of the English department of the University of Minnesota. He has published a number of books of verse, among them *Lyrics of Brotherhood*, *Rahab*, and *From the Book of Life*.

Mr. F. S. Flint, of London, is the author of *The Net of the Stars* (Elkin Mathews, 1909), and of poems printed in *The Nation*, the *English Review*, the *New Age*, etc. The

Poetry Review for August, 1912, was devoted to his long and appreciative review of contemporary French poetry.

Miss Amy Lowell published her first book of verse, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, through the Houghton-Mifflin Co. a few months ago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, of Oxford, England, is a relative of Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the poet, and a frequent contributor to English magazines.

Miss Mary Eastwood Knevels is a young poet living in West Orange, New Jersey. "William Laird" desires to remain anonymous.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Myself and I, by Fannie Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Company.
The Garden of Desire, Love Sonnets to a Spanish Monk, by Edna Worthley Underwood. Mitchell Kennerley.
Child of the Amazons and Other Poems, by Max Eastman. Mitchell Kennerley.
The Republic, A Little Book of Homespun Verse, by Madison Cawein. Stewart & Kidd Co.
The Americans, A Poetic Drama, by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Mitchell Kennerley.
The Sea Dirge of the Sea-Children and Other Poems, by Kenneth Rand. Sherman, French & Co.
Wild Flowers, by Reginald Rogers. John Ouseley, Ltd., London.
Lyrics, Songs and Idylls, by Reginald Rogers. George Rutledge & Sons, Ltd.
Ave Bermuda, by Pegram Dargan. The L. Graham Co.
Alms for Oblivion, by Pegram Dargan. The L. Graham Co.
The Little Singer and Other Verses, by Emily Sargent Lewis. J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Necken, a Poetic Play in Two Acts, by Elizabeth G. Crane. Privately printed.
UNITED STATES.
New York: *The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion.*
Chicago: *The Dial, Music News, System.*
Philadelphia: *The Conservator.*
Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot.*
Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk.*
New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review.*
FOREIGN.
Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine; Poeme et Drame; Les Bandeaux d'Or; Mercure de France; L'Effort Libre, Les Poetes; L'Ile Sonnante.*
London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review* (new series), Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm.*
Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad.*

To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.

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A WOMAN AT DUSK

ONE white hand droops across your knee; you stare
Off into space with shadowy eyes that seem
To watch a lone horizon dark with rain
And cities ruinous and seas forlorn
Of sun and movement.
Like a dead leaf stirs
That listless hand, and then grows still again,
And round your chin, the soft and child-like chin
As delicate as dew, a ghostly sigh
Hovers and then is gone.
Serene and broad
Your white brow is beneath its banded hair;
Serene the bosom that so softly breathes;
Serene the milk-white throat that moves no more
Than marble moves, the gently hollowed cheek;
Serene, too, seems the body grown so still
And drooping like a wing out-wearied by
Too many homing seas.

Ah, calm it seems,
But at some mystic core a mystic fire
Still burns, the ruby tumult of the blood
Still leaves it perilous, still played upon
By ghostly fingers from forgotten tombs!
Serene you seem to wait, yet round your eyes
So blue with weariness, a trouble lurks;
Behind the honeyed corners of your mouth
Left tremulous with passion, wakes and stirs
A protest. Close about the parted lips,
Rose-red and woman-weak and warm,
Broods something over-tense, a wistfulness
That has not been appeased, a hidden note
Of hunger that has gone unsatisfied,
A question tragical, a startled cry
Unanswered, and a thought that cannot sleep.
Out of the gloom I see your white face yearn
As silence yearns for music, or the sea
For morning waits. A mirrored wonderment,
A far-off glory, from you flashes and shines
And then is gone, as in a casement burns
The sunset gold. And still you scarcely move,
And speak no word, and passive droop the hands
That in their listless movements stirred so like
A little child's, and all the weariness
Of all the world seems weighing on your soul.
Out of the ages gaze your brooding eyes,
And barrier gulfs of time between us drift,

And shadow-like you face the shadowy night
Above earth's sleeping hills, and converse hold
With hidden things.
And I watch desolate
Beside you; I, who but an hour ago
Seemed one with you in flesh and spirit, I
Must sit alone and lonely see you mourn,
And feel again still close some iron door
Between your soul and mine. For still you wait
Half-wearily content with discontent,
Still idle with unrest you idly watch.
Calm with a fever that o'er fiercely burns
And saddened with a joy too keen to endure,
You stare off into space and say no word.
But from those unassuaged and shadowy lips
I catch some echo of the timeless quest.
I hear your spirit's whisper that all life
Is nothing, that from sleep to sleep we move
And know not where we go, that through the dark
Your groping hands seek something not of mist
And moonlight, that amid the endless cold
You crave some keen and momentary warmth,
Some glory more than earthly glory ask,
The wine that reddens ocean foam where far
To straining eyes the darkling waters reach,
The wine that Twilight drinks from paling rose
And leaf, the wine that tender April pours
Across the morning world, the selfsame wine

That sends October singing down the hills
And wakens in the sunburnt breast of youth
The wonder and the lyric ache of love.
For life's last gift of rapture you cry out
And will not be denied, for one great flash
Of splendor through earth's glooms inglorious.
Lone as a lute your pleading voice invokes
Companionship, your luring body calls
For secret consummations, for the kiss
Enkindling, and the tangled joy and grief
Of having given much. You question not
Time's course uncomprehended. Childishly
You yield yourself, and in return demand
Only that you be taken. On the winds
Of fire you make a bed wherein to rest.
Humbled and helpless on man's will you wait,
The appointed vessel, and the lamp ordained,
The hour predestined, and the dream fulfilled.
As women give, you give, accepting naught
But your own bosom's grim necessity
Of being crushed. Across the ghostly years,
Where nothing may endure beyond the grave,
You cry that love must last; you grow content
With soft capitulation. Yet your hour
Of wayward triumph knows the chill of tombs,
Your dusky-lidded eyes are dark with tears,
Your softest words are saddened with the knell
Your own sad heart makes vocal.

Then you cling
To me and ask if Death could vanquish love,
And cry that I must keep you for all time.
But pitiful it seems; for as you speak
The shadow falls, the rapture melts away,
The light upon the darkling sea-line fails,
And soft as mist between your soul and mine
The solemn wonder widens. So you sit
In astral silence, watching still for that
Which never comes. In utter weariness
You wait, with that last emptiness of soul
Which leaves you shadowy-eyed and bowed with grief,
Yet veiled in wayward beauty, creeping back
And crowning you with wonder.

Mystical
You suddenly become, and mystical
The thrice-sealed message and the woman-thirst
That draws you passive to the shores of pain,
That flings you broken from the seas of dream,
And in surrender causes you to reap!
Enriched your body grows with ichors strange
And of the gods you seem, and infinite
You are, because of infinite desires:
A something to be sought of land and sea,
And sheltered tenderly, and sorrowed for,
And made the bearer of the final cruse.
For desolate my soul cries out again
And all your body with its crown of grief

Wakes with an answering cry, and as you sit
With one white hand across your huddled knees
My lips seek out your lips of mortal rose,
And tremulous you yield, and from the pain
Of utter sacrifice still garner joy.
Then burns the flame anew; then glows once more
The momentary splendor; then the tide
Sings back into its sea, and then the rose
Is full, and all the throats of song are soft!
But soon the voices fail, and soon we know
How keenly fugitive the glimpse, how close
The shadow is, how bitter-sweet the end;
And being mortal, how our mortal love
Only on winds of fire may find relief,
And from the rise and fall of passion's tides
Still catch at some forlorn tranquillity!

Arthur Stringer.

ELLIS PARK

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet.
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.
But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace.
All your riches wait in place

For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

Helen Hoyt.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

O DRIMIN DHU DEELISH

O Drimin Dhu Deelish, my kind Kerry cow,
As black as the night with one star on her brow,
For Drimin Dhu Deelish, the silk of the kine,
For Drimin Dhu Deelish I mourn and I pine.
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!

For when to the milking I'd call Drimin Dhu,
'Twas then like a deer down the mountain she flew;
And ah, when beneath her the stool I would place,
How oft on my shoulder she rubbed her soft face!
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!

And though sixteen gallon from Drimin would hail,
And under my fingers froth up in the pail,
She ne'er kicked one keeler away o'er the green,
For no cow genteeler than Drimin was seen.
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!

The mountain bog slid and surprised Drimin Dhu,
Though bravely she battled to break her way through;
Till down, down she went, with a drizzen and drone,
Poor Drimin Dhu Deelish, and left us alone.
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu to slaun!

When other cows ailed in the wet and the cold,
Our Drimin was evermore hearty and bold;
Straight back and firm body and honey-sweet breath,
Mild eyes and grave manners, how could you know
death!
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!

O silk of the kine, when amongst us you stood
No milk was as fine and no butter as good,
But oh, 'tis chill water and oh 'tis dry scone,
Since Drimin, since Drimin Dhu Deelish is gone!
As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!

THE SEA SINGER

The heaven was star-strewn
Above the new moon;
Before a faint breeze we were floating;
When out of the distance, still clearer and clearer
And nearer and nearer there sighed
And there cried
A strange, lonesome song o'er the tide.

We stood still and grave
To watch a far wave,
That gathered and gathered toward us;

Till laughing aboard us there leaped from the billow
With locks long and yellow — a Maid —
The Sea Maid,
Whose song on our heart-strings had played.

Sweet pain, pleasure sharp,
She poured from her harp;
Around her we listened in wonder,
The wave warbled under, the stars in heaven's hollow
They all seemed to follow her song,
Her lone song,
As idly we fleeted along.

To leave us she turned;
Then rashly we burned
To keep her bright beauty before us.
But when to enring her we strove, the Sea Singer
She wove her white finger around
And around,
And left us all standing spell-bound.

Alfred Perceval Graves

TRIUMPH OF THE SINGER

I shake my hair in the wind of morning
    For the joy within me that knows no bounds.
I echo backward the vibrant beauty
    Wherewith heaven's hollow lute resounds.

I shed my song on the feet of all men,
    On the feet of all shed out like wine;
On the whole and the hurt I shed my bounty,
    The beauty within me that is not mine.

Turn not away from my song, nor scorn me,
    Who bear the secret that holds the sky
And the stars together; but know within me
    There speaks another more wise than I.

Nor spurn me here from your heart to hate me,
    Yet hate me here if you will. Not so
Myself you hate, but the Love within me
    That loves you whether you would or no.

Here Love returns with love to the lover
    And Beauty unto the heart thereof,
And Hatred unto the heart of the hater,
    Whether he would or no, with love!

THE THUNDER-SHOWER

The lightning flashed, and lifted
    The lids of heaven apart,
The fiery thunder rolled you
    All night long through my heart.

From dreams of you at dawn
    I rose to the window ledge:
The storm had passed away,
    The lake lapped on the sedge.

The lyre of heaven trembled
    Still with the thought of you,
The twilight on the waters,
    And all my spirit, too.

SONG

All my love for my sweet
    I bared one day to her.
Carelessly she took it
    And like a conqueror.
She bowed the neck of my soul
    To fit it to her yoke,
And bridled the lips of Song—
    Fear within me awoke!

But Love cried, "Swiftly, swiftly
Bear her along the road;
Beautiful is the goal
And Beauty is the goad."

John Hall Wheelock

I HEARD A FLUTE

I heard a flute that sang unto the dawn,
The dawn dove-grey,
Until it flushed to swift desire the wan
White heart of day:

Until it brimmed the virgin-breasted hills
With golden fire,
And sang through all the azure-veined rills
Love's wild desire.

O child heart of the Dawn, who lay so mute
On Night's dark breast,
I saw you quicken to the shepherd flute
Of love's unrest;

I saw you ravished from your skyey sphere—
Fleet-foot you ran,
Down dryad paths you followed clear
The Flute of Pan.

Ruth Gaines

TERESINA'S FACE

He saw it last of all before they herded in the steerage,
  Dark against the sunset where he lingered by the hold,
The tear-stained dusk-rose face of her, the little Teresina,
  Sailing out to lands of gold:

Ah, the days were long, long days, still toiling in the vineyard,
  Working for the coins that set him free to go to her,
Where gay it glowed, the flower face of little Teresina,
  Where the joy and riches were:

Hard to find one rose-face where the dark rose-faces cluster,
  Where the outland laws are strange and outland voices hum,
(Only one lad's hoping, and the word of Teresina,
  Who would wait for him to come!)

. . . . . .

God grant he may not find her, since he might not win her freedom,
  Nor yet be great enough to love, in such marred, captive wise,
The patient, painted face of her, the little Teresina,
  With its cowed, all-knowing eyes!

Margaret Widdemer

GLOIRE

Il avait su gagner à lui
Beaucoup d'hommes ensemble,
Avec un cri qu'ils aimaient tous entendre,
Avec un haut fait dont ils se parlaient.

Il y avait un morceau du monde
Où l'on connaissait sa vie,
Ses actes et son visage.

Il se dressait devant la foule,
Et connaissait l'enivrement
De la sentir soumise à sa parole
Comme les blés le sont au vent.

Il la faisait se recueillir;
Il la rendait chaude et heureuse.
Il la faisait hurler et rire
Ou haleter soudain.

Et son bonheur était de croire,
Quand il avait quitté la foule,
Que chacun des hommes l'aimait;
Et que sa présence durait
Innombrable et puissant en eux
Comme en des braises dispersées
Les dons et la marque du feu.

Or un jour il en suivit un
Qui retournait chez soi, tout seul;
Et il vit son regard s'éteindre
Dès qu'il fut un peu loin des autres.

Une autre fois il reconnut l'un d'eux,
L'un de ceux qui l'avaient aimé
Avec le cri de toute leur face,
Avec l'élan de tout leur corps
Debout, devant lui, tout un soir;
Il s'approcha, il lui parla;
L'homme connaissait bien son nom,
Mais n'avait rien gardé de lui
Dans son esprit ni dans son coeur.

Et même il vit une foule,
Une foule comme les siennes,
Qui se pressait, ivre et séduite,
Autour d'un autre
Habile à faire des grimaces.

Alors il connut qu'il avait conquis trop,
Et trop peu . . .

Que pour faire une âme de foule
Chaque homme ne prête un instant
Que la surface de son âme.

Il avait regné sur un peuple,
Mais comme un reflet sur de l'eau;

Mais comme une flamme d'alcool,
Qui ne sait pas ou s'attacher,
Et qui brûle ce qu'elle frôle
Sans le réchauffer.

Et c'est alors qu'il s'appliqua, comme à vivre
À connaître le plus d'êtres qu'il put,
À les connaître lentement et un a un,
En demeurant et devisant avec chacun
Quand ils étaient bien eux, quand ils étaient bien seuls.

Son secret fut de posséder
Quelque chose avec chacun d'eux,
Quelqu' humble trésor qui leur fût bien cher.

Son bonheur fut de posseder,
En commun avec chacun d'eux,
Le souvenir secret d'un seul instant
Mais d'un instant élargi d'une telle joie
Qu'ils en pouvaient vivre bien des soirs.

Et tous ceux qu'ils connut ainsi
Conservèrent tout isolée
En leur pudeur
Certaine image d'eux-memes
Où ils aimaient se reconnaître,
Et qu'ils ne pouvaient regarder
Sans retrouver ses traits parmi les leurs.

Charles Vildrac

POEMS IN PROSE AND VERSE

A SEQUENCE

I. INVOCATION

O Pearl in the Lotus,
O Krishna of the Jade Flute,
O Christ upon the Triple Cross,
Hear me, I pray you,
And give heed to my prayer,
For faintly
And in my sleep
I have heard distant singing.

II. THE EAGLE

For an hundred years I have soared
Under the sky,
Grayed is my breast by the storms
Round distant peaks;
Still gaze my golden eyes
Fiercely at the sun.

III. PRELUDE

Beloved, if you would but gaze
Into those dark pools,
'Tis your own face you will see,

Your face and the far-off hills,
That you might have seen long since
By the turning of your head.

IV. ENIGMA

There is dust upon your feet,
Dust and blood,
And upon your hands there is blood;
And with dust and sweat
Matted is your hair:
Dark are your eyes and empty
Like the lost pools in that garden
Which is unremembered of God.

V. THE MOUNTAINS

The mountains
Were sunk in the sea,
But now they are risen
High and more high:
I will climb my mountains,
I will rest in their winds;
At night . . . I will descend . . .
Wearied . . . to the valleys . . .
In the warmth of my valleys
I will sleep till the dawn.

NOCTURNE IN PASTELS

One face I saw shining from a sea of faces, as the brightness of a star shines from beneath dead water. One face only did I see, and the soul that looked from her eyes was veiled as with a dark veil.

Like a strange bird in an old snare, like a strange fish in an old net, so my heart snared her beauty and holds it. She was like the shadow of a plum-blossom on a stagnant pool, like a dying pearl in the depths of the sea, like the lonely singer who sings forever beneath one casement.

Therefore, in praise of her, I touch fire to delicate incense, to incense in a bowl of bronze graven with the shadow of an ancient love. The smoke of it coils upward, and my thoughts of her live in its coiling shadows: hers their fragrance and the unreality. As perfumes hover about the garments of the dead, so clings her fragrance to my cloak of dreams; as the memory of last year's plum-blossom lives like a dream, so clings unreality to the hem of my cloak.

I wait beneath the window of my Beloved, and the window is opened to me; I wait beneath the window of my Beloved, and it remains closed: I stand in a cloudy night asking the moon to smile. I am one who, flashed upon by a pale gleaming face, a pale star buried under dead water, seeks and waits and watches beneath a darkened sun.

NOCTURNE TRISTE

The iridescence of sunrise over the ocean gleams on the wings of a fly; and on the cheeks of a girl blooms the delicate flush of a peach: but the fly hovers above the refuse of the world, and at the heart of the peach gnaws a worm.

The night wind is cold like the fingers of death, the sky purple like a cup of Tyrian poison, the gleam of the moon white like the flesh of a leper, and the sea dark like the wings of a bat.

My Beloved looks at me, and her eyes are hard and cold, her slender fingers cold and limp, and her parted lips turning from mine bring forth no word.

NOCTURNES

I.

Thy feet,
That are like little, silver birds,
Thou hast set upon pleasant ways.
Therefore I will follow thee,
Thou Dove o' the Golden Eyes,
Upon any path will I follow thee,
For the light of thy beauty
Shines before me like a torch.

II.

Thy feet are white
Upon the foam of the sea;
Hold me fast, thou bright Swan,
Lest I stumble,
And into deep waters.

III.

Long have I been the Singer beneath
    thy Casement,
And now I am weary.
I am sick with longing,
O my Beloved;
Therefore bear me with thee
Swiftly upon—
Upon our road.

IV.

With the net of thy hair
Thou hast fished in the sea,
And a strange fish
Hast thou caught in thy net;
For thy hair,
Beloved,
Holdeth my heart
Within its web of gold.

V.

I am weary with love, and thy lips
Are as night-born poppies.
Give me therefore thy lips
That I may know sleep.

VI.

I am weary with longing,
I am faint with love;
For upon my head the moonlight
Has fallen
As a sword.

Skipwith Cannell

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

IMPRESSIONISM — SOME SPECULATIONS

WITH regard to the actual production of verse, to the making of its form or even the evolutions of its rhythms, who would dare be exact? But, with prose, that conscious and workable medium, it is a very different matter. One finds a subject somewhere; immediately the mind gets to work upon the "form," blocks out patches of matter, of dialogue, of description.

If the function of the subject be to grow into a short story, one will start with a short, sharp, definite sentence so as to set the pace: "Mr. Lamotte," one will write, "returned from fishing. His eyes were red, the ends of his collar pressed open, because he had hung down his head in the depth of his reflection . . ."

Or, if it is to be a long short story, we shall qualify the sharpness of the opening sentence and damp it down, as thus: "When, on a late afternoon of July, Mr. Lamotte. walked up from the river with his rod in his hand . . ."

Or again, if the subject seems one for a novel, we begin: "Mr. Lamotte had resided at the Brown House for sixteen years. The property consisted of six hundred and twenty acres, of which one hundred and forty were park-land intersected by the river Torridge," and so on. We shall proceed to "get in" Mr. Lamotte and his property and his ancestry and his landscape and his society.

We shall think about these things for a long time and with an absolute certainty of aim; we shall know what we want to do and, to the measure of the light vouchsafed, we shall do it.

But, with verse I just do not know: I do not know anything at all. As far as I am concerned, it just comes. I hear in my head a vague rhythm. . . . I know that I would very willingly cut off my right hand to have written the *Wallfahrt nach Kevelaer* of Heine, or *Im Moos* by Annette von Dreste. I would give almost anything to have written almost any modern German lyric, or some of the ballads of my friend Levin Schücking . . . These fellows, you know . . . they sit at their high windows in German lodgings; they lean out; it is raining steadily. Opposite them is a shop where herring salad, onions and oranges are sold. A woman with a red petticoat and a black and grey check shawl goes into the shop and buys three onions, four oranges and half a kilo of herring salad . . . And there is a poem! Hang it all—there is a poem!

But this is England — this is Campden Hill and we have a literary jargon in which we must write. We *must* write in it or every word will "swear" . . .

Denn nach Köln am Rheine
Geht die Procession . . . .

"For the procession is going to Cologne on the Rhine." You could not use the word *procession* in an English poem. It would not be literary. Yet when those lines

are recited in Germany people weep over them. I have seen fat Frankfurt bankers weeping when the *Wallfahrt* was recited in a red plush theatre with gilt cherubs all over the place . . .

I may really say that, for a quarter of a century, I have kept before me one unflinching aim — to register my own times in terms of my own time, and still more to urge those who are better poets and better prose-writers than myself to have the same aim. I suppose I have been pretty well ignored; I find no signs of my being taken seriously. It is certain that my conviction would gain immensely as soon as another soul could be found to share it. But for a man mad about writing this is a solitary world, and writing — you cannot write about writing without using foreign words — is a *métier de chien*. . . .

It is somewhat a matter of diction. In France, upon the whole, a poet — and even a quite literary poet — can write in a language that, roughly speaking, any hatter can use. In Germany, the poet writes exactly as he speaks. And these facts do so much towards influencing the poet's mind. If we cannot use the word *procession* we are apt to be precluded from thinking about processions. Now processions (to use no other example) are very interesting and suggestive things, and things that are very much part of the gnat-dance that modern life is. Because, if a people has sufficient interest in public matters to join in huge processions it has reached a certain stage of folk-consciousness. If it will not or cannot

do these things it is in yet other stages. Heine's procession was, for instance, not what we should call a procession at all. With us there are definite types: there is the king's procession at Ascot; there are processions in support of women's suffrage or against it; those in support of Welsh disestablishment or against it. But the procession of Köln was a pilgrimage . . .

Organized state functions, popular expressions of desire, are one symptom; pilgrimage another; but the poet who ignores them all three is to my thinking lost; since, in one way or another, they embrace the whole of humanity and are mysterious, hazy and tangible . . . A poet of a sardonic turn of mind will find sport in describing how, in a low pot-house, an emissary of a skilful government will bribe thirty ruffians at five shillings a head to break up and so discredit a procession in favor of votes for women; yet another poet may describe how a lady in an omnibus, with a certain turn for rhetoric, will persuade the greater number of the other passengers to promise to join the procession for the saving of a church; another will become emotionalised at the sight of the Sword of Mercy borne by a peer after the Cap of Maintenance borne by yet another . . . And believe me to be perfectly sincere when I say that a poetry whose day cannot find poets for all these things is a poetry that is lacking in some of its members.

So at least, I see it. Modern life is so extraordinary, so hazy, so tenuous, with still such definite and concrete

spots in it, that I am forever on the look-out for some poet who shall render it with all its values. I do not think that there was ever, as the saying is, such a chance for a poet; I am breathless, I am agitated at the thought of having it to begin upon. And yet I am aware that I can do nothing, since with me the writing of verse is not a conscious art. It is the expression of an emotion, and I can so often not put my emotions into any verse . . .

I should say, to put a personal confession on record, that the very strongest emotion, at any rate of this class, that I have ever had was when I first went to the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition and came out on a great square of white buildings all outlined with lights. There was such a lot of light — and I think that what I hope for in Heaven is an infinite clear radiance of pure light! There were crowds and crowds of people — or no, there was, spread out beneath the lights, an infinite moving mass of black, with white faces turned up to the light, moving slowly, quickly, not moving at all, being obscured, reappearing. . .

I know that the immediate reflection will come to almost any reader that this is nonsense or an affectation. "How," he will say, "is any emotion to be roused by the mere first night of a Shepherd's Bush exhibition? Poetry is written about love; about country lanes; about the singing of birds" . . . I think it is not — not now-a-days. We are too far from these things. What we are in, that which is all around us, is the Crowd — the Crowd blindly looking for joy or for that most pathetic

of all things, the good time. I think that that is why I felt so profound an emotion on that occasion. It must have been the feeling — not the thought — of all these good, kind, nice people, this immense Crowd suddenly let loose upon a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground to pick up the glittering splinters of glass that are Romance; hesitant but certain of vistas of adventure, if no more than the adventures of their own souls; like cattle in a herd suddenly let into a very rich field and hesitant before the enamel of daisies, the long herbage, the rushes fringing the stream at the end.

I think pathos and poetry are to be found beneath those lights and in those sounds — in the larking of the anaemic girls, in the shoulders of the women in evening dress, in the idealism of a pickpocket slanting through a shadow and imagining himself a hero whose end will be wealth and permanent apartments in the Savoy Hotel. For such dreamers of dreams there are.

That indeed appears to me — and I am writing as seriously as I can — the real stuff of the poetry of our day. Love in country lanes, the song of birds, moonlight — these the poet, playing for safety, and the critic trying to find something safe to praise, will deem the sure cards of the poetic pack. They seem the safe things to sentimentalise over, and it is taken for granted that sentimentalising is the business of poetry. It is not, of course. Upon the face of it the comfrey under the hedge may seem a safer card to play, for the purposes of poetry, than the

portable zinc dustbin left at dawn for the dustman to take.

But it is not really; for the business of poetry is not sentimentalism so much as the putting of certain realities in certain aspects. The comfrey under the hedge, judged by these standards, is just a plant; but the ash-bucket at dawn is a symbol of poor humanity, of its aspirations, its romance, its ageing and its death. The ashes represent the sociable fires, the god of the hearth of the slumbering dawn populations; the orange peels with their bright colors represent all that is left of a little party of the night before, when an alliance between families may have failed to be cemented or, being accomplished, may prove a disillusionment or a temporary paradise. The empty tin of infant's food stands for birth; the torn scrap of a doctor's prescription for death. Yes, even if you wish to sentimentalise, the dustbin is a much safer card to play than the comfrey plant. And, similarly, the anaemic shop-girl at the exhibition, with her bad teeth and her cheap black frock, is safer than Isolde. She is more down to the ground and much more touching.

Or, again, there are the symbols of the great fine things that remain to us. Many of us might confess to being unable to pass Buckingham Palace when the Royal Standard is flying on the flagstaff without a very recognizable emotion equivalent to the journalist's phrase, a "catching at the throat." For there are symbols of aspiration everywhere. The preposterous white

papier-maché fountain is a symbol, so are the preposterous gilded gates, so are the geraniums and the purplish-grey pencil of Westminster Cathedral tower that overhangs the palace. There are, upon the standard, three leopards *passant* which are ancient and suggestive things; there is the lion rampant which is pretentious, and a harp which is a silly sort of thing to have upon a flag. But it is rich spot; a patch of colour that is left to us. As the ugly marquis said of the handsome footman: "*Mon dieu, comme nous les faisons — et comme ils nous font!*"

For, *papier-maché* and *passant* leopards and all, these symbols are what the Crowd desires, and what they stand for made the Crowd what it is. And the absurd, beloved traditions continue. The excellent father of a family in jack-boots, white breeches, sword, helmet strap, gauntlets, views the preparation of his accoutrements, and the flag that he carries before his regiment, as something as much a part of his sacred profession as, to a good butler, is the family plate. That is an odd, mysterious human thing, the stuff for poetry.

We might confess again to having had emotions at the time of the beginning of the South African war — we were, say, in the gallery at Drury Lane and the audience were all on fire. We might confess to having had emotions in the Tivoli Music Hall when, just after a low comedian had "taken off" Henry VIII, it was announced that Edward VII was dying, and the whole audience stood up and sang *God Save the King* — as a genuine

hymn, that time. We may have had similar emotions at seeing the little Prince of Wales standing unsteadily on a blue foot-stool at the coronation, a young boy in his Garter robes — or at a Secret Consistory at the Vatican when the Holy Father ceremonially whispered to one Cardinal or another . . .

War-like emotions, tears at the passing of a sovereign, being touched at the sight of a young prince or a sovereignly pontifical prisoner of the Vatican — this is perhaps the merest digging out of fossils from the bed of soft clay that the Crowd is. God knows we may "just despise" democracy or the writing of Laureate's odes; but the putting of the one thing in juxtaposition with the other, that seems to me to be much more the business of the poet of today than setting down on paper what he thinks about the fate of Brangaene, not because any particular "lesson" may be learned, but because such juxtapositions suggest emotions.

For myself, I have been unable to do it; I am too old perhaps or was born too late — anything you like. But there it is — I would rather read a picture in verse of the emotions and environment of a Googe Street anarchist than recapture what songs the syrens sang. That after all was what François Villon was doing for the life of his day, and I should feel that our day was doing its duty by posterity much more surely if it were doing something of the sort.

Can it then be done? In prose of course it can. But, in poetry? Is there something about the mere framing of verse, the mere sound of it in the ear, that it must at once throw its practitioner or its devotee into an artificial frame of mind? Verse presumably quickens the perceptions of its writer as does hashish or ether. But must it necessarily quicken them to the perception only of the sentimental, the false, the hackneyed aspects of life? Must it make us, because we live in cities, babble incessantly of green fields; or because we live in the twentieth century must we deem nothing poetically good that did not take place before the year 1603?

This is not saying that one should not soak oneself with the Greek traditions; study every fragment of Sappho; delve ages long in the works of Bertran de Born; translate for years like the minnelieder of Walther von der Vogelweide; or that we should forget the bardic chants of Patric of the Seven Kingdoms . . . Let us do anything in the world that will widen our perceptions. We are the heirs of all the ages. But, in the end, I feel fairly assured that the purpose of all these pleasant travails is the right appreciation of such facets of our own day as God will let us perceive.

I remember seeing in a house in Hertford an American cartoon representing a dog pursuing a cat out of the door of a particularly hideous tenement house and beneath this picture was inscribed the words: "This is life — one damn thing after another." Now I think it would be

better to be able to put that sentiment into lyric verse than to remake a ballad of the sorrows of Cuchulain or to paraphrase the Book of Job. I do not mean to say that Job is not picturesque; I do not mean to say that it is not a good thing to have the Book of the Seven Sorrows of whom you will in the background of your mind or even coloring your outlook. But it is better to see Life in terms of one damn thing after another, vulgar as is the phraseology or even the attitude, than to render it in terms of withering gourds and other poetic paraphernalia. It is, in fact, better to be vulgar than affected, at any rate if you practice poetry.

Ford Madox Hueffer

Odes et Prières, par Jules Romains. Mercure de France, Paris.

Monsieur Romains is one of the most interesting of Parisian poets, well acclaimed. The *Mouvement Unanimiste?* — it is Romains. The movement would seem to be, primarily, philosophic, or, as Romains himself proclaims it, "religious." It is the adoration of the group unit or something of that sort. The Japanese state religion is perhaps its closest prototype, but these good orientals do not allow this to infect their art. If it be permitted a foreigner to decry what the French have themselves accepted, I should say, with all respect, that the poetry actually produced by the *Unanimistes* has at least one blemish, from the point of view of the craftsman. As a

philosophic movement it may affect the bases of aesthetics, it is a manifestation of unquestionable energy, and it therefore concerns us, who are concerned with the art; but Romains' much lauded *Ode to the Crowd here Present* is rhetoric; it is very fine and intoxicating rhetoric, no doubt, but as poetry it harks back to the pre-Victorian era, when Shelley set out to propagandize the world. It is of the time of Leopardi. If Romains had lived earlier he would have written *Night thoughts on Death and Immortality* or on *The Grave*; now-a-days the craze is for social theory or crowd psychology. This work is symptomatic. It is post-Whitman with a vengeance.

It is the same with Verhaeren's *City*. It is good rhetoric, very good. If we had found the passage in a prose work we should have thought it rather fine. Perhaps it gains a little by being in verse, I am not sure; but it is not to be confused with true Helicon. It belongs to that sort of "imaginative reason" wherefrom William Blake was divinely sent to deliver us. Verhaeren is not so much Whitman as a sort of lesser Wordsworth, with a sense of Flamand country and of people of labour. In "Les Pauvres" he is as far above our objections or our praise as is Wordsworth at his best from the usual charge of dulness.

As for Romains, we state against him that the art is too high a thing to be hitched to any single propaganda, however noble, and even this objection might be narrowed to almost a quibble. Romains is a man with his work

before him, and he will have little care, and no need whatever of caring, for either praise or stricture. As for his language, "strict, chaste, severe," we join the little weight of our praise to that of the intelligent critic M. Georges Duhamel, and give thanks for Romains and his vigorous production.

If this review seem lacking in due warmth, it is only that I speak of a man in the mid-flow of acclamation, an acclamation which seems to me at times a little heedless of the possible dangers being courted by its object.

Ezra Pound

NOTES

Of the poets represented in this number all are American except Mr. Graves and Monsieur Vildrac. Mr. Graves, who was born in Dublin, has been prominent in the Gaelic literary renaissance, editing various anthologies and publishing original verse. *Irish Poems* (Maunsel) and *Welch Poetry Old and New in English Verse* (Longmans, Green & Co.) are his latest publications.

Mr. Charles Vildrac, of Paris, is, says Mr. Pound, "one of the little band who are really set to the revival of poetry as an efficient art." He has achieved one masterpiece of narration, *Visite*, "which is distinctly his own and like nothing else," and has published, since 1905, three books of verse and one of prose, besides *Notes sur la Technique Poétique*, in collaboration with George Duhamel. We are fortunate in presenting one of his most recent poems.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, born in 1874, formerly a resident of this country and now of Canada, is well known as the author of *The Woman in the Rain* (Little), *Irish Poems* (Kennerley), and other books of verse and prose.

Mr. John Hall Wheelock, born in Long Island in 1886, passed from Harvard to certain German universities, returning to New York in 1911. His publications are: *The Human Fantasy* and *The Beloved Adventure* (Sherman, French & Co.). *Love and Liberation* will appear in October.

Mr. Skipwith Cannell, born in Philadelphia in 1887, a graduate of the University of Virginia, has been studying his art abroad during the past two years, and these poems are the first he has published.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, born in New Jersey in 1886 and a Columbia graduate, has published one volume, *Summer of Love* (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Miss Margaret Widdemer, of Philadelphia, has already appeared in *Poetry*, as well as other magazines. Miss Helen Hoyt, formerly of New York and now of Chicago; and Miss Ruth Gaines, of New York, have published little as yet.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Inner Garden, by Horace Holley. Sherman, French & Co.
England's Garland, by George Bartram. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.
Helen of Troy and Other Poems, by Sara Teasdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Reminiscent Rhymes and Other Verse, by John Byers Wilson. Jennings & Graham.
Cease to War, by J. C. Hayden. Richard G. Badger.
Manson's Vision, A Poem, by Rev. Thomas Nield. The Advance Publishing Company.
A White Song and a Black One, by Joseph S. Cotter. The Bradley & Gilbert Co.
The Story of a Round House, by John Masefield. (New Edition). The Macmillan Co.
Songs Through The Night, by Mary Ellis Robins. The Maverick Press.

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To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.

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A Magazine of Verse

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SCENTED LEAVES—FROM A CHINESE JAR

KUBLAI AND THE LINNET

It is told that the great emperor Kublai, listening one day in his garden, condescended to praise the song of the common brown linnet. Do thou, O high-born scholar, who mayest overlook these clumsily written trifles, be not less gracious than that great emperor, Kublai!

THE ACACIA LEAVES

The aged man, when he beheld winter approaching, counted the leaves as they lapsed from the acacia trees; while his son was talking of the spring.

THE BITTER PURPLE WILLOWS

Meditating on the glory of illustrious lineage I lifted up my eyes and beheld the bitter purple willows growing round the tombs of the exalted Mings.

THE COMMENTATOR

After the celebrated commentator Yu had spent thirty years in meditation on the first paragraph of the Tao-Te-Ching, he was urged by an inquisitive Viceroy to begin to write. He remarked, "Indecent haste! How contrary to the precepts of the Tao-Te-Ching!"

THE CONQUEROR

The great conqueror Khengiz, towards the close of his life, when he had subdued the four corners of the world and slain more than a million men, encountered on the way an old woman who inquired of him, "Canst thou tell me anything of a certain Khengiz?"

THE CORAL FISHER

The coral fisher, who had been a long time beneath the water, rose to the surface with nothing in his hand but a spray of crimson seaweed. In answer to the master of the junk he said, "While I was in the world of fishes this miserable weed appeared to me more beautiful than coral."

THE CRIMSON PARROTS

On the way I saw the parrots of dusty crimson feathers wrangling over a piece of flesh, but on account of the perfume of thy scented billet I was unable to hear their screams.

THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS

Outside the Heavenly Kingdom, it is reported, dwell devil-worshippers who burn incense before the stake on which a sorcerer was formerly impaled.

THE DIAMOND

The poet Wong, after he had delighted a company of mandarins at a feast, sat silent in the midst of his household. He explained, "The diamond only sparkles when it is in the light."

THE ESTUARY

Some one complained to the Master, "After many lessons I do not fully understand your doctrine." In response the Master pointed to the tide in the mouth of the river, and asked, "How wide is the sea in this place?"

THE GOLD FISH

Like a breath from hoarded musk,
Like the golden fins that move
Where the tank's green shadows part—
Living flames out of the dusk—
Are the lightning throbs of love
In the passionate lover's heart.

THE INTOXICATED POET

A poet, having taken the bridle off his tongue, spoke thus: "More fragrant than the heliotrope, which blooms all the year round, better than vermilion letters on tablets of sendal, are thy kisses, thou shy one!"

THE JONQUILS

I have heard that a certain princess, when she found that she had been married by a demon, wove a wreath of jonquils and sent it to the lover of former days.

THE LUSCIOUS NECTARINE

In the season of drouth, when the sallow rice bowed down before the reaper's hook, the faithful lover, walking in the Garden of Friendship, plucked a luscious nectarine, and thinking of the beautiful betrothed he wished the marriage day were come.

THE MARIGOLD

Even as the seed of the marigold, carried by the wind, lodges on the roofs of palaces, and lights the air with flame-coloured blossoms, so may the child-like words of the insignificant poet confer honour on lofty and disdainful mandarins.

THE MERMAID

The sailor boy who leant over the side of the Junk of Many Pearls, and combed the green tresses of the sea with his ivory fingers, believing that he had heard the voice of a mermaid, cast his body down between the waves.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

The emperors of fourteen dynasties, clad in robes of yellow silk embroidered with the Dragon, wearing gold diadems set with pearls and rubies, and seated on thrones of incomparable ivory, have ruled over the Middle Kingdom for four thousand years.

THE MILKY WAY

My mother taught me that every night a procession of junks carrying lanterns moves silently across the sky, and the water sprinkled from their paddles falls to the earth in the form of dew. I no longer believe that the stars are junks carrying lanterns, no longer that the dew is shaken from their oars.

THE NIGHT

In the hall of ebony there grows a tree with golden tassels. In the branches is a silver nest out of which

come forth twelve squirrels. In the heart of the tree dwells a fiery snake; when the wind blows the boughs of the tree smite together, and the fiery snake leaps forth.

THE ONION

The child who threw away leaf after leaf of the many-coated onion, to get to the sweet heart, found in the end that he had thrown away the heart itself.

THE PEAR TREE

Han, the wise emperor, bade his son: "Look thou
For merit where thou seest humility,
As they who strip the pear-tree seek for fruit
Upon the branches bending to the ground."

THE POTTER

A potter, who was creating the world, threw from him what seemed to him a useless lump of clay, and found that he had thrown away his left hand.

THE ROSE

When the delicious verses of Li Po were praised in the Court of Heaven an envious mandarin complained of the poet's scandalous life. The Divine Emperor,

who was walking in his garden, held out a rose and asked him, "Do you smell the gardener's manure?"

THE SEA-SHELL

To the passionate lover, whose sighs come back to him on every breeze, all the world is like a murmuring sea-shell.

THE STUPID KITE

A kite, while devouring a skylark, complained, "Had I known that thy flesh was no sweeter than that of a sparrow I should have listened longer to thy delicious notes."

THE SWALLOW TOWER

Amid a landscape flickering with poplars, and netted by a silver stream, the Swallow Tower stands in the haunts of the sun. The winds out of the four quarters of heaven come to sigh around it, the clouds forsake the zenith to bathe it with continuous kisses. Against its sun-worn walls a sea of orchards breaks in white foam; and from the battlements the birds that flit below are seen like fishes in a green moat. The windows of the Tower stand open day and night; the winged Guests come when they please, and hold communication with the unknown Keeper of the Tower.

THE TARTAR

When the victorious general, Ching Wu,
Had overthrown the Tartars, and their chief
Made captive, he reproached him bitterly
For having gone to war without a cause.
The Tartar answered: "Were our country yours,
And China ours, you would make war on us."

THE WINDMILL

The exquisite painter Ko-tsu was often reproached by an industrious friend for his fits of idleness. At last he excused himself by saying, "You are a watermill—a windmill can only grind when the wind blows."

THE TURRET

Millions of years ago, on another planet far off where different constellations hang, once a poet, forgetting sorrow, walked in summer along a white cliff high above the sea with a boy beside him. And the boy said, "There in that house, before I lost my father and fell into poverty, formerly I lived, and in that turret with its little window I passed happy hours." And as he listened the poet felt deep in his heart a mystic pain such as he had never felt in looking back upon the lost palaces of his own youth. Afterwards the boy was drowned at sea,

and the heart of the poet was drowned in care; yet to the end of his troubled life he never saw in stone or picture, neither heard nor read of, a turret like that one, but over him there stole the same mystic sorrow, like the breath of flowers out of a hidden garden, like a chord of music from passionate harpstrings away in some immortal world.

THE WORD

The first time the emperor Han heard a certain Word he said, "It is strange." The second time he said, "It is divine." The third time he said, "Let the speaker be put to death."

Allen Upward.

THE IDOL

Deep in an ancient forest a huge stone idol stood,
Where thronged the dusky worshipers in gratitude for good;
With humble hearts in rudest strains they praised their god benign:
Serene in measureless repose the idol gave no sign.

In times of sorest trial their chieftain oft would pray
That there might fall upon his path some guiding heavenly ray:
"Out of thy wisdom manifold let but one word be mine!"
Serene in measureless repose the idol gave no sign.

When dire disaster smote the tribe or famine's toll was paid,
The trembling people bowed to earth and sought the idol's aid,
Or, frenzied, cursed its stony smile and changeless brow malign:
Serene in measureless repose the idol gave no sign.

Grave priests declared, "Yon sits the god who heeds no man's behest.
Ye cannot see, ye must not know, yet all is for the best; vain are tears, in vain is praise, yet worship the divine!"

Serene in measureless repose the idol gave no sign.

Behold a wretch despairing fled before the painted foe:
With sobbing breath the victim fell—he could no further go.
Ah!— Would that dark libation were but of crimson wine!
Serene in measureless repose the idol gave no sign.

Pass seasons, years, long centuries. The people die away.
Amid a dwindling forest rots a crumbling image gray,
Now but a formless bulk of rock draped in a living vine.
Serene in measureless repose the idol gives no sign.

Tudor Jenks.

FARMER'S BLOOD

To My Grandmother

They said it was too hard for you, who were alone and old,
To live there any longer. And so the farm was sold.

And you, to whom the wind had blown across the yellow wheat,
Made no complaint against the life upon the narrow street;
But many times you stole away all by yourself to stand,
Here by the upper window, where the wide and lovely land
Sweeps to the farmhouse gleaming white upon the wooded hill,
Just looking off with yearning eyes, quite patient, very still.

Ah, nevermore for you the herd should wind along the lane,
The dogs come barking o'er the snow, the reapers toss the grain!

THE HEARTENING

It may be that the words I spoke
To cheer him on his way,
To him were vain, but I myself
Was braver all that day.

CONTENTMENT

The wide grey sweep of ocean and the long white curl of foam,
The ever-pleading wash of waves, the never-ceasing moan:
I used to scorn their beauty with a heart that spurned its home.

Oh for the silver shining of fair cities o'er the sands!
Oh for the song of dusky throats in dim and distant lands!
They reached to me as women reach their slim and lovely hands.

I followed 'neath the alien sky and through the stranger's door;
And now I crown my wandering with peace that asks no more
Than just to lie and watch the surf along the dear home shore.

QUEST

Ho all you eager travelers!
Have you some place to go
Where you forget the many things
You wish you did not know?
Forget your own insistent past
And feel just fit and free?
If you have found it, won't you tell
Its happy name to me?

Winifred Webb

THE HUNTING-SONG OF THEM THAT DID NOT HUNT

Good-day, said the damsel,
Good-morrow to you,
For if you mean hunting
I would hunt with you too;

I am weary of making
And baking the bread;
If you stay in my parlour
I will hunt in your stead.

You shall sup in my parlour
My white wine and broth,
I am weary of weaving
The sendal and cloth.

Good-day, said the damsel,
Good-even to you:
What is good for the huntsman
Is good for me too.

DAGONET'S CANZONET

A queen lived in the South;
And music was her mouth,
And sunshine was her hair,
By day, and all the night
The drowsy embers there
Remember'd still the light;
My soul, was she not fair!

But for her eyes — they made
An iron man afraid;
Like sky-blue pools they were,
Watching the sky that knew,
Itself transmuted there
Light blue, or deeper blue;
My soul, was she not fair!

The lifting of her hands
Made laughter in the lands
Where the sun is, in the South:
But my soul learnt sorrow there
In the secrets of her mouth,
Her eyes, her hands, her hair:
Oh soul, was she not fair!

Ernest Rhys.

SWAN CREEK

Stream, stream, stream,
Oh the willows by the stream;
The poplars and the willows
And the gravel all agleam!

Oh, oh, oh,
And the mourning-doves sang "Oh!"
From their hiding in the oak tops,
Looking on the world below.

Sky, sky, sky,
And all wide and round the sky,
With the white clouds rising, coming,
Coming, shining, drifting by.

Home, home, home,
And beyond the wood was home,
With the old road leading ready
Where the open door said come.

Dream, dream, dream,
Now I wake not but I dream
Of the old road and the ring-doves
And the willows by the stream.

Williston Fish

SONG OF THE MECHANICS

Stilled for a moment be jester's lay, and the piping notes of Pan,
'Mid your mellow music we high essay to sing a song of Man:
Short be its phrases, as short our speech who fashion the mill and loom,
If the work of our hands not better teach, then give a Man-song room.

When the hammers their thunderous din renew, by the roaring of furnace fires,
We see the forging of dreams come true, the shaping of long desires.
The walls of Progress we carry high, though stained by crime and blood;
For your wondrous beauty and joy we die, O coming Brotherhood.

Then drink to labor an honest cup and let its worth be known!
The ghosts of the past come trooping up bearing the brick and stone;
Dig they the trenches broad and deep, and shape foundations strong,

Whose good the future years may keep when coming
builders throng.

The savage strives for his home, his brood, he fends for
his race, his kin;
The workman toils for the common good that takes the
whole world in.
Not only for dollars, which mean but bread and refuge
from rain and snow,
But that peace may prosper, of war instead; for the
Master willed it so.

A Workman spread the heavens wide, a Workman placed
the sun:
A Master Workman was satisfied when the Maker said,
"Well done."
Take we no shame if we be but tools, clumsy and dull
and worn,
If over us infinite justice rules to mould the years unborn.

George W. Priest

DANCING TO A CHEWINK'S SONG

One day when by a path I stood
That strayed its way out of a wood,
To hear the woodbirds' early song
Before I drove my feet along,
There came from out the trees' soft shade
A most delightful, buoyant maid
Who seemed no more of me afraid
Than of the birds whose joyous singing
Set her splendid legs to springing
Till my heart went singing, winging,
And my body woke and swayed.

And then when near to me she drew,
She smiled as most wood-maidens do,
And her sweet voice rang out with laughter
And all the trees went echoing after.
She raised bare arms above her head,
And beckoned me, and then she fled,
More blithesome than the chickadees,
Down a path of arching trees,
Quick of foot as any breeze,
And I followed where she led.

And when we came to a wide brook,
One mighty, flying leap she took;
And then, it seemed, she almost died

Of laughter, while I grimly tried
That cursed running stream to cross
On little boulders green with moss.
And when I tumbled, both feet slipping,
In the stream and came up dripping,
Up and down she ran, a-tripping,
Seeking flowers at me to toss.

Oh, how a girl loose-frocked can kick,
When kicking isn't just a trick,
But effervescence of pure joy
That bubbles up as in a boy.
She stretched her arms to me and called
When out upon a stone I'd crawled,
And fingers busy, kisses throwing,
All her face alive and glowing,
Danced until, my poor wits going,
Off again I slipped, enthralled.

At last when on the bank I stood
She ran again into the wood,
And now and then a joyous cry
Rang through the trees to guide me by.
And yet, however hard I tried,
It was n't till her quick eyes spied
A mother squirrel in her nest,
Baby squirrels at her breast,

That she stopped a time to rest,
Letting me creep up beside.
Soft-eyed she watched, with hand held out
To warn me that I must n't shout,
Or crackle dead limbs with my feet.
And then I heard the wood's heart beat,
And suddenly the mood was stilled
That in a blithesome hour had willed
For me to caper to the skilled
Abandon of her girlish graces,
Running joyous, pagan races
Through the arching leaf-hung places
Till her cup of fun was filled.

And silently she slipped away
Into the east where each new day
The sun comes up across the sky
While living things are born and die;
And, trailing her with strident cry,
I almost reached her side again,
And saw her eyes were filled with pain:
For all the trees took up my calling,
Echoed it like giant's brawling,
While she ran through sunbeams falling
And was gone like summer rain.

If you had ever watched for long
A girl with body lithe and strong

Go dancing to a chewink's song,
And then at last, just when you thought
You had her radiant body caught,
Away from you she'd swiftly flown,—
You too would call in plaintive tone,
And run about like something blind,
Begging her to be more kind,
Crying like the winter wind
Through a lonesome forest blown.

Out of the woods in headlong race
I ran, and tripped, and fell through space,
Down by the crossroads near a spring
Where all the peewits come to sing:
And then the next clear thing I knew
Across my face a soft wind blew,
And at my side a girl was kneeling.
All the world went reeling, wheeling,
And her lips to mine came stealing
Softer than the morning dew.

Francis Buzzell

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

THE NEW LAUREATE

MR. ASQUITH was neither adventurous nor democratic in appointing Robert Bridges Poet Laureate. He followed a scholarly tradition, soothed with the honor the declining years of a modern descendant of Addison, an Oxonian closet singer of graceful discreet love verses and carefully carved classic dramas. Of course Mr. Bridges' poetry is as much better than Addison's as his scholarship is more exact than that of Queen Anne's gentlemanly dilettante of letters and politics; it would be a pity if two centuries of international culture had not raised our standards, in this art as in the others, for him who cultivates poetry as an accomplishment.

But the two men belong to the same class. Essentially it is the eighteenth century ideal that Mr. Bridges follows, and it is eighteenth-century verse that he writes. His poetry is a "clear and gentle stream" never troubled by a spring flood. Limpid, quiet, sometimes playful, it moves softly through peaceful rural scenes, as unaware of cities, railroads, steamboats, as it is of mountains and cataracts. It mirrors the gray-green English country through which it travels, but not with Spenser's piquant lyricism or Wordsworth's depth of still sincerity. If Mr. Bridges has moved far enough from Queen Anne's city-

bound classicists to become aware, under Virgilian sanction, of idyllic and pastoral nature, his mood is still pre-Shelleyan, reminiscent of Thomson or Gray rather than the Victorians.

Of highly artificialized, made-to-order poetry such as the eighteenth century loved, one could scarcely find a better example than Mr. Bridges' *Elegy on a Lady Whom Grief for the Death of Her Betrothed Killed.* And of *vers de societé* love verses there are few prettier examples than *I Will Not Let Thee Go.* Perhaps the most rhythmically descriptive of his *Shorter Poems* is *London Snow*, and the most airily, exquisitely graceful is that dialogue between the muse and the poet which contains this delicate quatrain:

She must be fair of face,
  As bold of heart she seems,
If she would match her grace
  With the delight of dreams.

But of all the new laureate's poems, the one which seems most personal and sincere, at once true and tender in grace, is this lyric:

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,
A joy of love at sight
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it;
Notes that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast, now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

H. M.

IMPRESSIONISM—SOME SPECULATIONS

II

One of my friends, a Really Serious Critic, has assured me that my poem called *To All the Dead* was not worth publishing because it is just Browning. Let me, to further this speculation, just confess that I have never read Browning and that, roughly speaking, I cannot read poetry at all. I never really have been able to. And then let me analyze this case because it is the plight of many decent, serious people, friends of mine.

As boys we—I and my friends—read Shapespeare with avidity, Virgil to the extent of getting at least two Books of the Aeneid by heart, Horace with pleasure and Ovid's Persephone Rapta with delight. We liked very much the Bacchae of Euripides—I mean that we used to sit down and take a read in these things sometimes apart from the mere exigencies of the school curriculum. A little later Herrick moved us to ecstasy and some of Donne; we liked passages of Fletcher, of Marlowe, of Webster and of Kyd. At that time we really loved the

Minnesingers and fell flat in admiration before anything of Heine. The Troubadors and even the Northern French Epics we could not read—French poetry did not exist for us at all. If we read a French poem at all we had always to read it twice, once to master the artificial rhythm, once for the sense.

Between seventeen and eighteen we read Rossetti, Catullus, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and still Shakespeare, Herrick, Heine, Elizabethan and Jacobean lyrics, Crashaw, Herbert and Donne. Towards eighteen we tried Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning and Pope. We could not read any of them—we simply and physically couldn't sit down with them in the hand long enough to master more than a few lines. We never read any Tennyson at all except for the fragment about the Eagle; never read any Swinburne at all except for a poem or two. Browning we read sufficient to "get the hang" of *Fifine at the Fair*, the *Blot on the Scutcheon* for the lyric *There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop*, and *Meeting at Night* and *Parting at Morning*, and *Oh to be in England....* So that, as things go, we may be said never to have read any Browning at all. (I do not mean to say that what I did read did not influence me so that even at this late date that influence may be found in such a poem as *To all the Dead* or *The Starling*. Influences are queer things and there is no knowing when or where they may take you. But, until the other day, I should have said

that Browning was the last of the poets that I should have taken consciously as a model. The other day, however,—about a month ago—my wife insisted, sorely against my wishes, on reading to me the beginning of *The Flight of the Duchess*—as far as *And the whole is our Duke's country....* that most triumphant expression of feudal loyalty. And my enthusiasm knew no bounds, so that, if ever the Muse should visit me again it may well be Browningese that I shall write, for there is no passage in literature that I should more desire to have written.)

But at any rate, the attempt to read Tennyson, Swinburne and Browning and Pope—in our teens—gave me and the friends I have mentioned a settled dislike for poetry that we have never since quite got over. We seemed to get from them the idea that all poets must of necessity write affectedly, at great length, with many superfluous words—that poetry, of necessity, was something boring and pretentious. And I fancy that it is because the greater part of humanity got that impression from those poets that few modern men or women read verse at all.

To such an extent did that feeling overmaster us that, although we subsequently discovered for ourselves Christina Rossetti—who strikes us still as far and away the greatest master of words and moods that any art has produced—I am conscious that we regarded her as being far

more a prose writer than a poet at all. Poetry being somrthing pretentious, "tol-lol" as the phrase then was, poetentous, brow-beating, affected—this still, small, private voice gave the impression of not being verse at all. Such a phrase describing lizards amongst heath as; *like darted lightnings here and there perceived yet nowhere dwelt upon* or such a sentence as *Quoth one, to-morrow shall be like to-day, but much more sweet* — these things gave an exquisite pleasure, but it was a pleasure comparable rather to that to be had from reading Flaubert. It was comparable rather to that which came from reading the last sentences of Herodias: *Et tous ayant pris la tete de Jokanaan s'en allaient vers Galillée. Comme elle était très lourde ils la portaient alternativement.* I do not presume to say exactly whence the pleasure comes except in so far as that I believe that such exact, formal and austere phrases can to certain men give a pleasure beyond any other. And it was this emotion that we received from Christina Rossetti.

But still, subconsciously, I am aware that we did not regard her as a poet.

And, from that day onwards I may say that we have read no poetry at all—at any rate we have read none unprofessionally until just the other day. The poets of the nineties—Dowson, Johnson, Davidson and the rest—struck us as just nuisances, writing in derivative language uninteresting matters that might have been interesting

had they been expressed in the much more exquisite medium of prose. We got perhaps some pleasure from reading the poems, not the novels, of George Meredith, and a great deal from those of Mr. Hardy, whom we do regard as a great, queer, gloomy and splendid poet. We read also, by some odd impulse, the whole of Mr. Doughty's *Dawn in Britain*, that atrocious and wonderful epic in twelve volumes which is, we think, the longest and most queerly impressive poem in modern English. We read it with avidity; we could not tear ourselves away from it, and we wrote six reviews of it because no professional reviewers could be found to give the time for reading it. It was a queer adventure.

That, then, is the history of twenty years of reading verse, and I think I may say that, for men whose life-business is reading, we have read practically no poetry at all. And, during those twenty years we should have said with assurance that poetry was an artificial, a boring, an unnecessary thing.

But, about five years ago we began to think of founding a periodical — one is always thinking of founding periodicals. We had then to think of what place verse must take in the scheme of things. With our foreign ideas in which academic palms and precedence figure more strongly than they do in the minds of most free-born islanders, it did not take us long to arrive at the conclusion that poetry must have the very first place in that journal — not because it was a living force but just

because it was dead and must be treated with deference. Moreover, if I may make a further confession, our express aim in founding the periodical in question, was to print a poem by Mr. Hardy, a poem that other periodicals had found too — let us say — outspoken for them to print. Now it would have been ridiculous to found an immense paper for the express purpose of printing one particular poem and not to have given that poem the utmost pride of place.

So we printed *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* first and the rest in a string after it. It seemed proper, French and traditional to do so.

And then, we began to worry our poor heads about poetry. We had, perforce, to read a great deal of it and much of what we read seemed to be better stuff than we had expected. We came for instance upon the poems of Mr. Yeats. Now, for ten or twenty years we had been making light of Mr. Yeats; we used to sniff irritably at *I will arise and go now*, and to be worried by *The Countess Kathleen*. Mr. Yeats appeared to be a merely "literary" poet; an annoying dilettante. I do not now know whether Mr. Yeats has changed or whether we have, but I am about in a moment to try to make an *amende honorable*.

At any rate we came upon the work of Mr. Yeats, of Mr. De la Mare, of Mr. Flint, of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and upon suggestions of power in Mr. Pound's derivations

from the Romance writers. And gradually it has forced itself upon us that there is a new quality, a new power of impressionism, that is open to poetry and not so much open to prose. It is a quality that attracted us years ago to the poems of Mr. Hardy and of George Meredith. I know that my younger friends will start ominously at this announcement, that they will come round to my house and remonstrate seriously for many weary hours. But I must make the best of that.

For the fact is that, in Mr. Yeats as in Mr. Hardy, there are certain qualities that very singularly unite them, qualities not so much of diction or of mind but qualities that can only be expressed in pictorial terms. For when I think of Mr. Hardy's work I seem to see a cavernous darkness, a darkness filled with wood-smoke, touched here and there with the distant and brooding glow of smothered flame. When I think of Mr. Yeats' work I seem to see a grey, thin mist over a green landscape, the mist here and there being pierced by a sparkle of dew, by the light shot from a gem in a green cap. I have tried to write this as carefully as I can so as to express very precisely what is in the end a debt of sheer gratitude. I mean that really and truly that is the sort of feeling that I have—as if I had discovered two new countries—the country of the hardly illumined and cavernous darkness, the country of the thin grey mist over the green fields and as if those countries still remained for me to travel in.

It will at first sight appear that here is a contradicting of the words with which we set out—the statement that it is the duty of the poet to reflect his own day. But there is no contradiction. It is the duty of the poet to reflect his own day as it appears to him, as it has impressed itself upon him. Because I and my friends have, as the saying is, rolled our humps mostly in a landscape that is picked out with red patches of motor-bus sides it would be the merest provincialism to say that the author of *Innisfree* should not have sate in the cabins of County Galway or of Connemara or wherever it is, or that the author of the *Dynasts* should not have wandered about a country called Wessex reading works connected with Napoleon. We should not wish to limit Mr. Yeats' reading to the Daily Papers, nor indeed do we so limit our own, any more than we should wish to limit the author of that most beautiful impression, *The Listeners*, to the purlieus of Bedford Street where the publishers' offices are.

What worried and exasperated us in the poems of the late Lord Tennyson, the late Lewis Morris, the late William Morris, the late—well whom you like—is not their choice of subject, it is their imitative handling of matter, of words; it is their derivative attitude.

Reading is an excellent thing; it is also experience, and both Mr. Yeats and Mr. De la Mare have read a great deal. But it is an experience that one should go through

not in order to acquire imitative faculties but in order to find—oneself. Roughly speaking, the late Victorian writers imitated Malory or the Laxdaela Saga and commented upon them; roughly speaking, again, the poets of today record their emotions at receiving the experience of the emotions of former writers.

The measure of the truth has to be found. It would be an obvious hypocrisy in men whose first unashamed action of the day is to open the daily paper for the cricket scores and whose poetic bag and baggage is as small as I have related—it would be an obvious hypocrisy in us to pretend to have passed the greater part of our existences in romantic woods. But it would be a similar hypocrisy in Mr. De la Mare, Mr. Yeats, or Mr. Hardy to attempt to render Life in the terms of the sort of Futurist picture that life is to me and my likes.

But to get a sort of truth, a sort of genuineness into your attitude towards the life that God makes you lead; to follow up your real preferences—to like, as some of us like, the hard, bitter, ironical German poets, the life of restaurants, of Crowds, of flashed impressions; to love as we may love, in our own way, the Blessed Virgin, Saint Katharine or the sardonic figure of Christina of Milan, and to render it, that is one good thing. Or again, to be genuinely Irish, with all the historic background of death, swords, flames, mists, sorrows, wakes and again mists; to love those things and the Irish sanctities and Paganisms

—that is another good thing if it is truly rendered. The main thing is the genuine love and the faithful rendering of the received impression.

The actual language, the vernacular employed, is a secondary matter. I prefer personally the language of my own day, a language clear enough for certain matters, employing slang where slang is felicitous, and vulgarity where it seems to me that vulgarity is the only weapon against dullness. Mr. Doughty on the other hand—and Mr. Doughty is a great poet—uses a barbarous idiom as if he were chucking pieces of shale at you from the top of a rock. Mr. Yeats makes literal translations from the Irish; Mr. Hardy does not appear to bother his head much about words; he drags them in as he likes. Mr. De la Mare and Mr. Flint are rather literary, Mr. Pound, as often as not, is so unacquainted with English idioms as to be nearly unintelligible.

(God forbid, by the bye, that I should seem to arrogate to myself a position as a poet side by side with Mr. De la Mare, or, for the matter of that, with Mr. Pound. But in stating my preferences I am merely, quite humbly, trying to voice what I imagine will be the views or the aspirations, the preferences or the prejudices, of the poet of my day and circumstances when he shall at least appear and voice the life of dust, toil, discouragement, excitement and enervation that I and many millions lead today.)

When that poet does come, it seems to me, that his species will be much that of the gentlemen I have several

times mentioned. His attitude towards life will be theirs; his circumstances only will be different. An elephant is an elephant whether he pours, at an African water-hole, mud and water over his free and scorched flanks, or whether, in the Zoological Gardens, he carries children about upon his back. —*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

Myself and I, by Fannie Stearns Davis. Macmillan.

This book shows a charming lyrical fancy. Poems such as *Hill-Fantasy* and the first of the *Songs of Conn the Fool*, are excellent and original. In *Conn*, the idea of the poet's mission being to steal the moon in order to plant its seeds and grow more moons for a clamoring world, expresses an old belief under quite a new figure.

The metre of *Hill-Fantasy* gives the swing and lilt of the pipe music about which it sings. It is also a relief, this unusual metre, in a volume of much metrical sameness. Miss Davis is a pioneer in neither ideas nor verse-forms. She follows a well-beaten track, tripping along it with dainty, feminine feet. Hers is a delicate talent, made up of careful observation of nature, and a fine taste for beauty. Some of her expressions are a keen pleasure: "Gown of shoal-sea green," "Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool," "A little white moon like a twisted thread." All of these show a rare gift of imagination, and the real poetic quality of stamping the idea into words. Miss Davis plays a graceful little tune on a silver-stringed lute. But it is only one tune and her lute

is only one instrument. In "*Myself and I*", she laments the lack of courage which prevents her from following her vision, and resigns herself to the compromise of keeping the vision as a solace, while lingering in "the sober road." One cannot help hoping that, with so much talent, "I" will permit herself to broaden and deepen, mentally, under the tutelage of "Myself," so that the melody of the lute may widen to the full-toned orchestra of a larger sympathy and a greater range of joy and sorrow. But even as it is, and in spite of much repetition, this book contains poems which give great pleasure and a sense of satisfaction. *Amy Lowell*

Art and Swadeshi, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D. Sc. pub. Ganesh & Co., Madras. (With numerous reproductions of Indian works of art.)

This inspiriting book contains two chapters on poetry —one on the repertoire of a Panjabi singer, with translations of lines not unworthy of the Greek Anthology, one on Rabindranath Tagore. The translations are slightly marred by inversions, by too frequent use of the second person singular, and—in their attempt to preserve the simplicity of the originals—by an occasional word or phrase which has been too far degraded by music-hall use to be longer effective in English.

Among the Panjabi folksongs there is one which says that the Sandal-tree grows where Lachchi spills water.

Aha, Lachchi asks the girls,
Oh what coloured veil suits a fair complexion?

. . . . . .

Your friendship with the goat-herds is sundered,
Who will give you milk to drink?

Among the poems of Rabindranath not included in *Gitanjali* is found this quatrain:

O Death, hadst thou been but emptiness,
  In a moment the world would have faded away.
Thou art Beauty: the world like a child,
  Rests on thy bosom forever and ever.

Even without the chapters on poetry the book is so full of profound and natural sense on matters of art industry and education that anyone who reads it will be grateful for this suggestion.

E. P.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The winner or winners of the first Guarantors' Prize of two hundred and fifty dollars will be announced in either the first or the second number of Volume III. This prize, offered in the first number of POETRY, is to be awarded by the editors and the members of the Advisory Committee, either undivided to one poet, or, divided, to two poets, contributing the best poem or poems during the first year of the magazine. This prize will probably be continued during each of the five years for which the magazine is endowed, but the announcement is not yet positive.

The prize of twenty-five dollars offered by Mr. Ernest MacDonald Bowman, a guarantor, for the best

epigram, will be considered at the same time. Apparently the classic art of poetic epigram is not a modern fashion, for there have been few contestants for this prize.

The editors announce with great pleasure the Helen Haire Levinson Prize of two hundred dollars, which is to be awarded for the best poem contributed by a citizen of the United States, and published in POETRY during its second year—October, 1913 to September, 1914. This prize is offered by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago, in memory of his wife, who was a lover of poetry.

NOTES

Mr. Allen Upward, born in Worcester in 1863, has had a varied life. A scholar, a barrister, a volunteer soldier who ran the blockade of Crete and invaded Turkey with the Greek army, he is also the author of plays, romances, poems, and of *The New Word*, that powerful plea for idealism which aroused England six years ago, and for which Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, in *Crowds*, demands the Nobel prize. The *Scented Leaves* are not direct translations, but paraphrases from the Chinese.

A graduate of Yale and of the Columbia Law School, Mr. Tudor Jenks practised law from 1881 to 1887, served on the editorial staff of "St. Nicholas" for fifteen years, since which time he has devoted himself again to legal practise and to free lance literary work. He is the

author of many books of stories and histories for young people; but has never published his verse in book form.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has already been introduced to the readers of POETRY. His poem *Happiness* appeared in the November, 1912, number.

Mr. Williston Fish, of Chicago, and Mr. George W. Priest, of Bryan, Ohio, are known as contributors of verse to the magazines.

Miss Winifred Webb and Mr. Francis Buzzell are both young writers who have published little verse as yet. Miss Webb is a Californian, and a graduate of Stanford University. Mr. Buzzell comes from Michigan and has spent several years in Chicago in newspaper and editorial work.

POETRY for October will contain a narrative poem, *The Two Kings*, by William Butler Yeats; *Indian Summer*, by William Ellery Leonard, and several new poems by younger American and English writers. Other early numbers will publish poems by Robert Frost, Grace Fallow Norton, Sara Teasdale, Frances Gregg, Margaret Widdemer, Richard Aldington, Hermann Hagedorn, Ezra Pound, "H. D.", Agnes Lee, Joseph Campbell and others.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Old Glory at Gettysburg, by Captain R. K. Beecham. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Songs Through the Night, by Mary Ellis Robins. The Maverick Press.

Lyrics, by Lady Margaret Sackville. Herbert Daniel.

Thersites, A Dramatic Fragment, by Henry Barrett Hinckley, The Nonotuck Press.

A New Book of Verse, by Arthur L. Salmon. William Blackwood and Sons.

The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets, by Henry Frank. Sherman, French & Company.

The Salvation of Satan, The Creation of Woman, Poems of Brotherhood, The Birth of the Butterfly and Other Poems, by Sivori Levey.

Bertrud and Other Dramatic Poems, by the author of *A Hymn to Dionysus*. Privately printed.

Jacob Leisler, A Play of Old New York, by W. O. Bates. Mitchell Kennerley.

The Lord of the Sea, A Cantata, by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by W. J. D. Leavitt. Privately printed.

Alma Mater, or The Georgetown Centennial, and Other Dramas, by M. S. Paine. Published for Georgetown Visitation Convent.

Perceptions, by Robert Bowman Peck. Ekin Mathews.

UNITED STATES.

New York: *The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion.*

Chicago: *The Dial, Music News, System.*

Philadelphia: *The Conservator.*

Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot.*

Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk.*

New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review.*

FOREIGN.

Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine; Poeme et Drame; Les Bandeaux d'Or; Mercure de France; L'Effort Libre; Les Poetes; L'Ile Sonnante.*

London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review* (new series) Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm; The British Review.*

Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad.*

POETRY and DRAMA

VARIA

Poetry and the Public—The Imagistes—A Censorship on Poetasters—A National Theatre—Moliere as Antidote—Experiments with Puppets—Sumurun—Mermaid Nights—Literary Dishonesty—A Futurist Number of POETRY AND DRAMA—The Death of the Poet Laureate—Particulars of POETRY AND DRAMA.

POETRY:

Emile Verhaeren
Rabindranath Tagore
Victor Plarr
John Drinkwater
Harold Monro
John Helston
Henry Simpson

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS:

Emile Verhaeren: an Appreciation . . . . *Michael T. H. Sadler*
Thomas Hardy of Dorchester . . . . . *Edward Thomas*
John Donne . . . . . *Rupert Brooke*
The Greek Genius (II) . . . . . *A. Romney Green*
A Model Anthology . . . . . *J. C. Squire*

CHRONICLES:

Current English Poetry . . . . . *The Editor*
Dramatic Chronicle . . . . . *Gilbert Cannan*
French Chronicle . . . . . *F. S. Flint*
Italian Chronicle . . . . . *Arundel del Re*

REVIEWS:

The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse—The Poetical Works of George Meredith—Poems New and Old: Henry Newbolt—Love-Poems and Others: D. H. Lawrence—The Venturers: Vivian Locke Ellis—Lyrics: Lady Margaret Sackville—A Boy's Will: Robert Frost—Death and the Princess: Frances Cornford—Songs of Alban: E. S. Lorimer—Narcissus: Edward Storer—The Book of Lies: Frater Perdurabo—The Agate Lamp: Eva Gore-Booth—Angus Dei: Nancy Campbell.

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THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Drama Leterature

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Seventy-five cents the copy, Three dollars per year.

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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

Vol. II
No. 1

APRIL, 1913

Card to the binder:

Two leaves (four pages) are here furnished to correct printers' errors. In binding please remove pages 1-2 and 117-118 from the April and June numbers, and insert these.

Will they be touched with the truth?
Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels.
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. II
No. 1

APRIL, 1913

CONTEMPORANIA

TENZONE

Will people accept them?
(i. e. these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
(or a centurian),
Already they flee, howling in terror.
Will they be touched with the truth?
Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels.
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

THE CONDOLENCE

A mis soledades voy,
De mis soledades vengo,
Porque por andar conmigo
Mi bastan mis pensamientos.
Lope de Vega.

O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth,
A lot of asses praise you because you are "virile,"
We, you, I! We are "Red Bloods"!
Imagine it, my fellow sufferers —
Our maleness lifts us out of the ruck.
Who'd have foreseen it?

O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the trees,
We were in especial bored with male stupidity.
We went forth gathering delicate thoughts,
Our "*fantastikon*" delighted to serve us.
We were not exasperated with women,
for the female is ductile.

And now you hear what is said to us:
We are compared to that sort of person
Who wanders about announcing his sex
As if he had just discovered it.
Let us leave this matter, my songs,
and return to that which concerns us.

Mrs. Helen Cowles Le Cron, born in Iowa, was graduated from Northwestern University in 1908. Marrying soon after, she lived five years in Wyoming but recently returned to Des Moines.

Mr. Rollo Britten, now editor of a paper in Manistee, Michigan, was born in Nebraska in 1889, and graduated from Harvard in 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Helen of Troy, and Other Poems, by Sara Teasdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lyrics From a Library, by Clinton Scollard. George William Browning.
A Duet With Omar, by Albert J. Edmunds, with a supplement by James E. Richardson. Innes & Sons.
Porzia, by Cale Young Rice. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Sheltered, A Poem, by Marvin M. Taylor. Privately printed.
A Legend of the Rose and Other Poems, by Leyland Huckfield. Privately printed.
The Natal Chords and Other Poems, and *The Arm Most Strong and Other Poems*, by George Keller De Long. Privately printed.
Ode to Morning, by Hiram Powers Dilworth. Privately printed.
A Summer Idyl, by Mary Leedy Flanigan. The Cosmopolitan Press.
To the Lost Friend, by Auguste Angellier. Translated by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Sherman, French & Co.
To Bliss Carman, a Little Anthology by Four Admirers who dwell in the Canadian Homeland. Privately printed.
First Flights in Verse, by Maxwell Edgar. Privately printed.
The Art of Versification, by J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts. The Home Correspondence School.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

UNITED STATES.
New York: *The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion.*
Chicago: *The Dial, Music News, System.*
Philadelphia: *The Conservator.*
Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot.*
Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk.*
New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review.*
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London: *Poetry and Drama* (No. 1)—Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review* (new series), Stephen Phillips, editor; *Rhythm.*
Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad.*

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VOLUME II
April–September, 1913

Edited by
Harriet Monroe

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CHICAGO

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A Magazine of Verse

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BE GREAT AUDIENCES TOO

Whitman

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*Deceased.

The editor of POETRY shares the sorrow of many friends over the death of two of the above subscribers to the Fund. Daniel H. Burnham, the distinguished architect, and Mrs. La Verne Noyes, the gracious and generous woman, were conspicuous lovers and patrons of poetry and the other arts. The one subscription is maintained by Mrs. Burnham, and the other by Mr. Noyes.

To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.